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The Beaver

CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

October | November 2005

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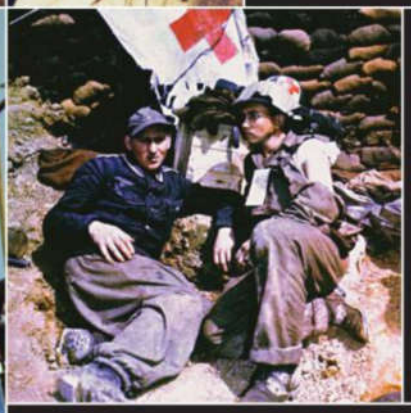

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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Happy Birthday

An 85th birthday is reason enough for anyone to get new clothes, to update their look. So it is with *The Beaver*. The first issue was published in October 1920. This edition contains a special 11-page section looking at the magazine's own history and its evolution from a Hudson's Bay Company publication to today's definitive publication on Canadian history.

As the special section shows, the magazine's appearance has changed over those years, along with its approach to content. That evolution continues.

This edition is the first to wear the new clothes that Art Director Michel Groleau has designed. As Michel describes it, the new look "will continue *The Beaver's* tradition of quality artwork, while giving a cleaner, clearer and more attractive presentation, with an increased emphasis on visual appeal to augment the reading."

THOMAS FRICKE

One aspect of that visual emphasis is a signature of the new design. Each issue's index will feature a piece of Canadian artwork that captures some of the essence of our country (see page 4).

When redesigning any publication, a designer should balance modern approaches with respect for the publication's past. He or she must preserve the publication's roots while giving it a new face for the future. That respect for heritage is even more important with a magazine that is all about history.

Michel has struck the balance well, from the typography for the magazine's name on the cover, reflecting a look that was used in the past, to the attractive presentation throughout, and especially the increased use of large, strong images and useful maps. His design also takes advantage of the recent move to full colour on every page.

We hope the new look increases your enjoyment of *The Beaver*.

Something else new with this edition is the fellow typing this message. Annalee Greenberg has left the magazine after several years as editor. She did a terrific job, broadening content approaches and building on the magazine's readability. I can only hope to live up to that record, or those of the other fine editors who have served the magazine.

My background is in newspapers, but I have a strong layman's interest in Canada's history. I hope to bring something of a journalist's approach, respecting the magazine's heritage while keeping in mind that we examine history to help understand the present and prepare for the future.

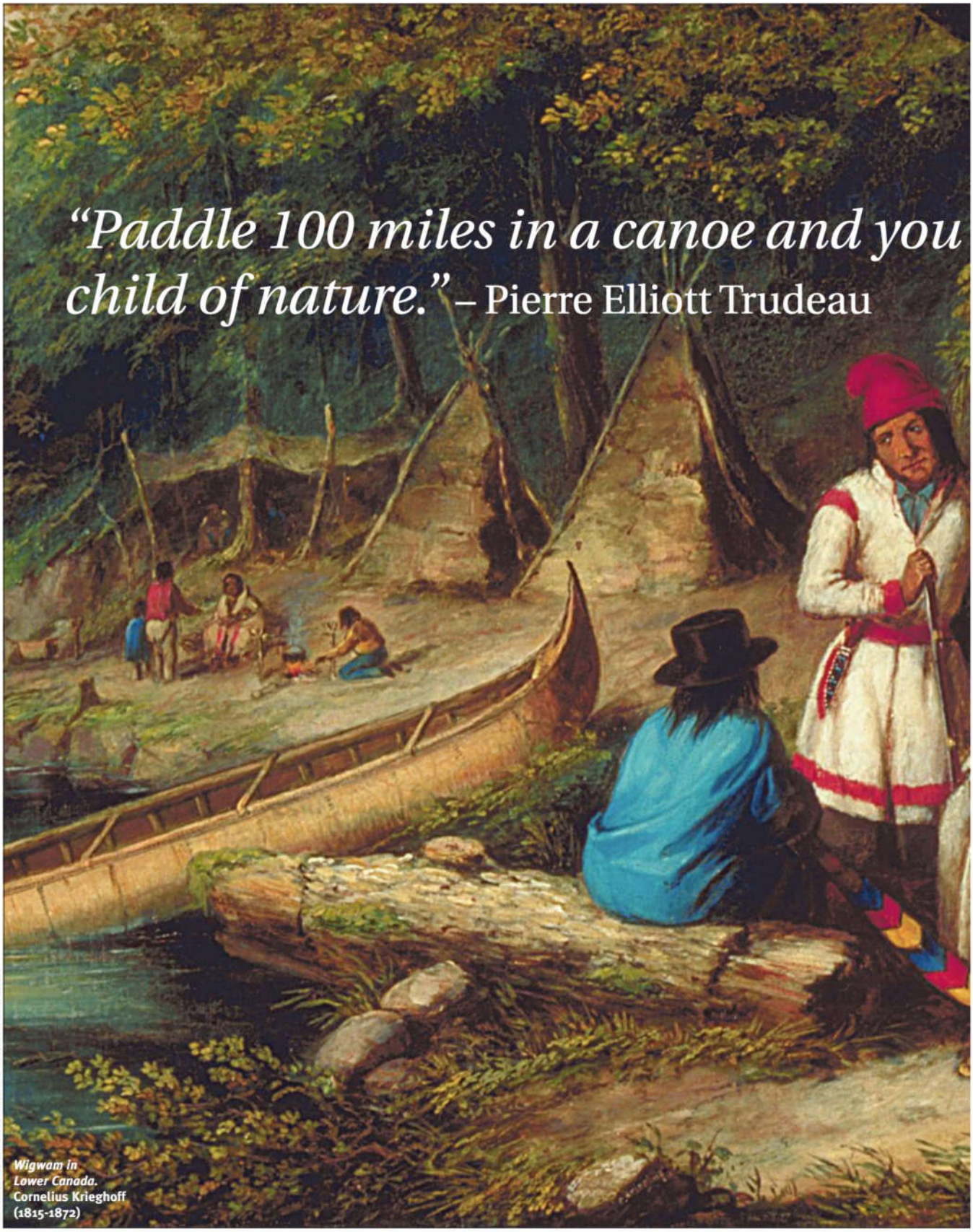
We'll also keep in mind that we explore history because it's fascinating and fun. Our main job is, simply, to bring you great stories and add to your appreciation of the history of this amazing country.

These aspirations are part of *The Beaver*'s heritage, too. Another new editor, Douglas MacKay, wrote in June 1933: "It is hoped that the appearance and text of the magazine will be so effective that it will compel examination by anyone who receives it."

As it was hoped then, it is today.

We look forward to hearing what you think of the new look and this 85th anniversary issue.

Murdoch Davis
Editor
editors@historysociety.ca



Wigwam in Lower Canada. Cornelius Krieghoff (1815-1872)

MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY / CORNELIUS KRIEGHOFF/M19963

The Beaver
October | November 2005 Vol. 85:5

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When actor William Pratt changed his name to Boris Karloff his career took off.

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Letters

Singular or plural

The article on Cora Hind [August/September 2005] refers to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It's a common error, but should be Woman's. The WCTU's reform goals were much broader than its name implies. It campaigned for child and family welfare measures such as mothers' pensions, juvenile courts and Children's Aid societies; it saw prohibition mostly as a measure to protect families.

NEIL SUTHERLAND
RICHMOND, B.C.

Thanks, "mom!"

I work as a teacher's assistant and have taken your magazine to our Social Studies classes and it has been so helpful. My daughter took *The Beaver* to her high school history class and her teacher asked to keep it and said he is going to subscribe because it is so good.

I am a 57-year-old proud Canadian and I have learned more about the history of Canada from your magazine than I have ever known before. This is one of the best magazines I have ever had the pleasure to read. I thank my dear friend and mother-in-law for giving me a gift subscription.

Thank you so much to all your great researchers and writers.

MARGARET A. MAYES
AMMON, N.B.

And debate goes on

My article "The Amazing Grace of the Acadians" [June/July 2005] provoked a few letters in the next issue of *The Beaver*. I thank Bernard Derible for the information about Charles Lawrence's background. I did not know the man had participated in the expulsion of the Highlanders. One would say it is in character.

Robert J. MacMillan is right to point out other examples of ethnic cleansing in Canadian history. I cited Carl Brasseaux saying that the Acadian deportation was a "classic example of ethnic cleansing," not that it was the first or worst. I don't care for a "my genocide is worse than yours" competition. However, he is wrong in saying that it was particularly benevolent; almost half the Acadians died. It is also simply wrong to say that among the other persecuted groups he cites, only the Acadians have survived.

I especially take issue with Alexander Paton's letter. I did develop the issue of the oath of loyalty in my piece. And it is wrong to compare the fate of the United Empire Loyalists with that of the Acadians. The Loyalists did not exist as a group before their expulsion. They were simply Anglo-Americans among

others. It was siding with the British that made them Loyalists and those who made that choice were expelled. The Acadians already existed as a community in 1755. A few hundred broke the oath by taking arms and the whole people was deported. It is called collective punishment and is justly forbidden today by all international convention.

ANDRÉ PELCHAT
QUEBEC CITY

I remember Igor

Reading the article about Igor Gouzenko's defection [August/September 2005, Moment] brought memories. I was a teenager employed at the "old" Windsor Hotel in Montreal. We were in the middle of all the fanfare about the McCarthy Senate Investigations into Un-American activities. Rumour was they wanted to interview Gouzenko in secret.

Arriving on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, I was confronted by a security check. Rumours abounded about some guy with a hood over his head and a bunch of plainclothes officers with him. Sure enough, the plainclothesmen cleared the lobby and soon a hooded figure was whisked out. We had been hosts to the U.S. Senate panel and Gouzenko.

Thanks for the memory

KEITH MAIDENS
GODERICH, ONTARIO

Our home was about two blocks from the Gouzenko apartment located on Somerset Street in Centretown, Ottawa. The defection was the topic on everyone's lips, particularly with my siblings and friends as we passed the Gouzenko apartment on our way to and from school.

A few years later Hollywood made a movie about Gouzenko and there was great excitement as stars such as Dana Andrews could be seen as we traversed to school. Gouzenko's book *This Was My Choice* was the subject of a book review in high school. I recall getting a great mark, probably because of my personal interest.

One of the book's stories dealt with an immigrant who owned a vegetable store close by. Gouzenko could not believe how this new Canadian could dare condemn the government for some stupid bureaucratic policy and not suffer retaliatory action. Maybe his conversations with the storeowner were a catalyst in his defection .

Whether Gouzenko defected for his family's wellbeing or for more altruistic reasons, he showed courage and the

free world was and is better off because of his decision.

STAN CAMERON,
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Lizzie memories

With regard to the article about the Lysander aircraft, or "Lizzie," being restored, and its "stealth" use [August/September 2005, Currents]: in early August 1944, prior to the landing in southern France, I was on an airfield at Calvi on the northern side of Corsica. Also operating from that airfield was a Lysander. We were cautioned not to talk with the ground crew, to make it easier for them to keep mum. A .303 machinegun was mounted over each wheel. Some nights I would be awakened by it taking off, but in the morning it would be back.

LLOYD SNELL
ARGYLE, MANITOBA

That's a big trip

The article about the batteaux [August/September 2005] was well written. As one who has supervised the building of six batteaux in various youth projects, I was pleased to find the drawings of another style of batteau illustrated. A number of us are playing with the idea of re-enacting the voyage of military and supply batteaux to Fort Michilimackinac, a journey of several hundred miles.

PETER C. FERRI
FRANKFORD, ONTARIO

Guess what, kids?

The August/September article about the Guess Who and the streets of Winnipeg made me smile, with the photo of the LP cover for *So Long, Bannatyne*. This resolved the mystery of the title, and demonstrated something I am trying (without much success) to teach my daughters. My Grade 8 birthday present in 1971 turns out to have included one of the iconic albums of Canadian rock – showing that our parents are actually cooler than we tend to think at the time.

REV. NEIL YOUNG
MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

Maybe our heads should be...

Accompanying the article on southern Alberta sites [August/September 2005, Getaway] the caption identifies the larger photo as depicting Writing-on-Stone Park, but it is Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump.

MARTY MAGNE
PARKS CANADA
CALGARY, ALBERTA

The item on the gun used to kill Thomas D'Arcy McGee [August/September 2005, Currents] noted it was "Canada's first (and only) political assassination." Surely the murder of Quebec labour minister Pierre Laporte by the FLQ during the October Crisis of 1970 would qualify as political.

H. ALEXANDER HEGGTVEIT
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

I was delighted to see the centennials of Alberta and Saskatchewan featured. But the caption wrongly states that the land was purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company in 1880. The territory known as Rupert's Land was purchased by the federal government in 1869. By 1876 the territorial capital was moved to Battleford, Sask., where it remained until 1883, which would have been difficult if the government did not already own the land!

LISA KREBS
HERITAGE PRESENTATION SPECIALIST
FORT BATTLEFORD NATIONAL
HISTORIC SITE

Your piece about the weapon used to kill D'Arcy McGee refers to the hanging of Patrick James Whelan in 1869 as the last public hanging in Canada. Eight aboriginal men were hanged in public in 1885 for participating in the Frog Lake Massacre. They were: Pa-pa-mah-cha-kaw-yo (Wandering Spirit), Ickta Apistaskous (Little Bear), Napase (Iron Body), Pa-pa-mek-sick (Round the Sky), Wawanitch (the Man Without Blood), Manetchus (Bad Arrow) and Kitiemakyin (Miserable Man).

So why is the Whelan hanging widely believed to be the last public hanging in Canada? As a Canadian, I hope the 1885 hanging is not overlooked due to racism. As a westerner, I hope it is not due to geographical or historical ignorance: the Battlefords were in Canada, even in 1885.

DIANE SARGINSON
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Editor's note: *The Beaver* regrets the errors pointed out in the above letters. We appreciate the help of our dedicated readers in setting the records straight.

For another example, please see page 10 for a look at the mystery of a photo purporting to depict D'Arcy McGee's funeral.

***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Currents

Heritage

Saved by the swell

Sir John A. Macdonald born above a pub? Given that the second thing most Canadians know about their first prime minister is that he liked a tipple or two, this can only be irony.

As it happens, however, the pub, the Fox and Hound at 20 Brunswick St. in Glasgow, Scotland, was most likely not a pub in January 1815 when Sir John A. was born. Historians have determined that shops lined Brunswick Street in those days and families lived in tenements above.

Neither is the Fox and Hound a pub today. The place is deserted, the last tenant of a building that had also in recent past housed a massage parlour.

EVENING TIMES

But behind the modern excretions lies the original 200-year-old façade, and that's what heritage enthusiasts on both sides of the Atlantic would like to save. The bad news is that the property on which the derelict pub sits has been slated for demolition to make way for a retail store, Selfridges. The good news is that Canadian supermarket mogul Galen Weston, husband of former Ontario lieutenant governor Hillary Weston, owns Selfridges.

Will the birthplace of Canada's first prime minister be preserved brick by brick? Well, no. But Weston has been quoted saying the site will be honoured in some form while his company fulfils its development plans in downtown Glasgow. Fabric of the old building may be incorporated into the new or a memorial may be placed to clearly mark the site. Either way, Canadian pilgrims with a penchant for the political will have a shrine in Glasgow.

MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY / DAVID ROSS COLLECTION / M302

Nelson's Monument, Montreal, Notre-Dame Street Looking West, 1830, by Robert Auchmaty Sproule.

Trafalgar tribute

After Admiral Horatio Nelson died in the Battle of Trafalgar 200 years ago this Oct. 21, Nelsonmania gripped the Empire. But it wasn't London that claims the first of many public memorials erected to the man who would become the greatest naval hero in the history of Great Britain. It was Montreal. In 1809, four years after the battle that ended Napoleon's scheme to invade Britain, a group of prominent Montrealers raised a limestone column in Place Jacques-Cartier crowned with a statue of Nelson and surrounded at the base by bas-reliefs representing the Battle of Trafalgar. Financial contributors included Scots who, though they had come to Canada to avoid service in the English army during the Napoleonic Wars, grew patriotic in the wake of the battle, and the Sulpicians, a Catholic teaching order, eager to find favour with colonial administrators. Raised to reflect British Montrealers' imperial sentiments, the column became contentious during the rise of Quebec nationalism in the 1960s and '70s. The original statue, damaged by pollution, was moved to a Montreal museum and replaced by a replica.

Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square, London, was completed in 1843.

TAKE the day off

Oct. 20: To note Toronto's selection in 1855 as the Province of Canada's capital, two years before Queen Victoria picked Ottawa. Sing *God Save the Queen*.

Identities

Putting a name to a face

When 21-year-old Tommy Akulukjuk arrived home for Christmas in Pangnirtung, Nunavut, his new laptop computer contained 30 archival images downloaded from the Inuit photo collection of Library and Archives Canada. His assignment was to find Inuit elders in his community who might put names to the anonymous faces in the images, photographed from the 1920s to the 1960s, many of whom had been identified vaguely as "Eskimos."

Tommy was a student in the Nunavut Sivuniksavut Training Program in Ottawa, an eight-month academic program that teaches Inuit youth about their history. He was excited that he would be showing community elders pictures they had never seen before. Delighted elders identified many of their friends and family, some only distant memories from their past. But their accompanying anecdotes and detailed stories, Tommy says, taught him more about the old Inuit ways than he ever could have learned in an Ottawa classroom.

"It was better than school. There was lots of laughter, and no tests," he says.

Project Naming was the brainchild of Murray Angus, an instructor with the training program in Ottawa. Frustrated by the anonymity of the faces in the archival collections, Angus approached Library and Archives Canada and the Government of Nunavut's Department of Culture, Language, Elders and Youth, proposing a project enabling his students to download hundreds of images and carry them home.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/S. BAILEY/E002213359

An anonymous Belcher Island Inuit photographed in 1949. Project Naming seeks to identify him.

The project took on a sense of urgency as the number of elders capable of recognizing the faces began dwindling. Though project coordinators initially despaired of ever identifying faces in the earlier photographs, elders were able to name individuals from several photographs taken in the 1920s.

The project has far exceeded expectations, providing captions for nearly half of the hundreds of photographs since its inception in 2001. In many cases invaluable anecdotal and genealogical information accompanied the identifications.

By providing images from their past that most of the Inuit never knew existed, Project Naming, now in its third phase, is helping develop a connection between Inuit youth and elders by allowing them to share memories and reconnect with their heritage on a personal level.

Available in English, French, and Inuktitut, Project Naming can be viewed at www.collectionscanada.ca/inuit/054301-e.html **–Ann Chandler**

ON THE Web

www.history-histoire.csc-scc.gc.ca/
Flogging is verboten. So, too, is hanging. Advances in Canadian crime and punishment from pre-Confederation to today are outlined in Correction Services Canada's website, which includes images of unusual penal devices, including the old (non-spousal) ball and chain.

www.collectionscanada.ca/archivianet/1911/index-e.html
Genealogists rejoice: the 1911 Canadian census is now on-line at Library and Archives Canada. The database is searchable by geographic location only, not by family name. So if great-granddad was fibbing about his birthplace, you've got your work cut out for you.

www.archivescanadafrance.org/
A joint production of Library and Archives Canada and the Direction des Archives de France, this elegant and comprehensive website is a virtual exhibition of over a million digitized images of the French presence in North America, from 1604 to 1763.

Nov. 6: To observe the 1867 opening of the first session of Canada's first parliament. Read *Hansard*.

Nov. 9: To mark the 1965 blackout that plunged northeastern Canada and the U.S. into 13 hours of darkness. Flick your Bic.

Currents

Our home & native...

Apple

If John McIntosh had not quarreled with his parents in upper New York State and moved to Canada in 1796, would there be a McIntosh apple? Twenty apple trees he discovered by chance in 1811 on his property at Dundela, Ontario, 50 kilometres southeast of Ottawa, produced a crisp, sweet-fleshed apple that was excellent fresh or cooked. But reproducing the tree that produced this admirable apple remained a mystery until McIntosh's son Allan learned the art of grafting from a Yankee farmhand.

An itinerant Methodist preacher, Allan packed homegrown apples with his religious tracts, and so the apple's fame grew. By Confederation, 1867, some eastern Ontario farmers had quit mixed farming to develop "McIntosh Red" orchards. By 1910, with the effort of several generations of the McIntosh family, the hardy trees had reached British Columbia. Today, some 3 million McIntosh apple trees flourish in North America, each descended directly from John McIntosh's orchard.

CP PRESS

Ernest Smith at October 2004 ceremony in Ottawa unveiling Victoria Cross stamp

The end of a era

Ninety-four Canadians have won the Victoria Cross, instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856 and awarded in recognition of the most exceptional bravery displayed in the presence of the enemy.

None is now living. The last Canadian recipient of the VC, Sgt. Ernest "Smokey" Smith, died Aug. 3 at age 91.

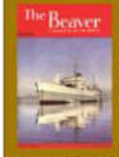
Westminster, B.C.-born Smith received the Victoria Cross, the Commonwealth's highest award, for single-handedly holding off German tanks and troops and turning the tide of battle for his Seaforth Highlanders at San Giorgio Di Cesena, Italy, in Oct. 1944.

An outpouring of grief greeted the death of Canada's last VC. The military funeral in Vancouver, with hundreds of military personnel from across the country and thousands of civilians lining the streets, was described as one of the largest Canada has seen in decades, similar to the 1956 funeral for World War I flying ace Billy Bishop.

Smith's ashes were scattered in the waters of the Pacific Ocean, which was his wish.

The awarding of the Victoria Cross to Canadians was dropped in 1972 when Canadian bravery awards were created, but reinstated in 1993 when the Queen approved the creation of a Canadian VC. Though it has the same criteria as the original British decoration, the Canadian VC replaces the English inscription "For Valour" with the Latin *Pro Valore*. No Canadian VCs have been awarded.

JUNE 1953 in The Beaver



Pioneering American anthropologist Margaret Mead (1901–1978), the author *Coming of Age in Samoa*, reflects in "Enter the European" that a rapidly narrowing world is not only transforming indigenous cultures, it is transforming anthropology. Where once "we cautioned and counselled in favour of a process of slowing down contact [with Europeans]," she writes, "now, forced by events, we must focus our attention on how to ... speed the transition."

Moment

October 1930: Medical breakthrough

Hot off the presses, a nine-page article in the *American Journal of Diseases of Children* announces a Canadian discovery that will save thousands of children for years to come. A new wonder drug it is not; rather, a ready-made cereal believed to offer the nutrients every child needs to grow and develop.

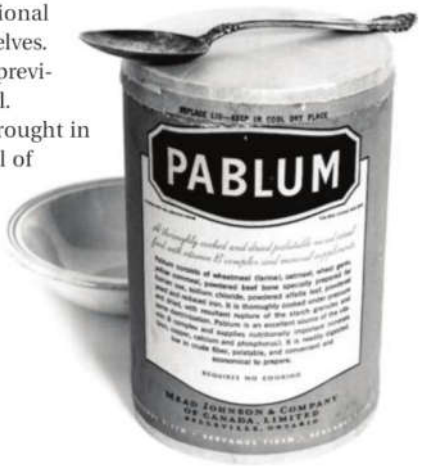
Before the 1930s, malnutrition was a chief cause of infant illness and death. As North American medical professionals began to look further into the link between diet and health, a team of researchers at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children became the first to find a remedy.

The group was led by Dr. Frederick Tisdall, director of research at the HSC who had won a silver medal in medicine at the University of Toronto the year Frederick Banting (co-discoverer of insulin) won gold. Tisdall and his team discovered an easy way for parents to give their children the vitamins and many of the minerals they need for good health. "We have devised a cereal product which, in addition to supplying energy, furnishes minerals and vitamins in appreciable amounts," explained Tisdall in his journal article.

Added to the usual cereal grains of wheat meal (farina), oat meal and corn meal was a combination of what Tisdall described as "sadly neglected wheat germ" (with high mineral content and vitamins B and E) bone meal (calcium, iron) dried brewers' yeast ("double the B1 content of regular bakers' yeast") and alfalfa (vitamin A and "twice the iron content of egg yolk, then the highest source of iron in food"). Vitamin D was also added, by way of irradiation of the wheat germ or yeast. The amount of calcium in a daily serving of one to two ounces of the enriched cereal was equivalent to that in six to twelve ounces of milk.

It was called Pablum, after "pabulum," the Latin word for food.

Tisdall experimented with Pablum on rats, got his family members to taste-test it (initial verdict: "too bland") then gave it to patients at the hospital. Also in on the research was Tisdall's boss, Dr. Alan Brown, and colleague Theodore Drake (with whom Tisdall had developed nutrient-rich Sunwheat biscuits just months before). The threesome found that the mushy substance prevented rickets, then a common childhood vitamin-deficiency disease causing crippling deformities. Soon Pablum was available to the public, produced for Canada and the United States by the American firm Mead Johnson and by Faxo in the United Kingdom. As awareness of nutritional importance grew, Pablum flew off store shelves. It was regarded as much tastier than the previously used, rickets-preventing cod liver oil.



During its 25-year patent, Pablum brought in approximately $1 million in royalties, all of which Tisdall and his colleagues gave back to the hospital for research. Now in its 75th year, Pablum has been manufactured by H.J. Heinz Company since 1994 and is currently sold only in Canada. Today, fortunately, rickets is rare thanks to Pablum and other dietary solutions like fish oils and vitamin D supplements in infant formula and milk.

–Susan Goldenberg

Calendar Oct/Nov 05

SHELBURNE MUSEUM

Quebec country furniture in Vermont

ALBERTA

Rutherford House Remembers

Experience life on the home front during World War I. Discover the contents of the comfort packages sent to soldiers overseas, taste soldier cookies, gather a few hints on knitting socks the old-fashioned way and read letters from days gone by.

Nov. 6, 2005. 12 p.m. to 4 p.m.
Rutherford House Provincial Historic Site, Edmonton
(780) 427-3995 www.cd.gov.ab.ca/rh

ONTARIO

Weapons of Mass Dissemination: The Propaganda of War

A look at wartime propaganda during the first half of the 20th century. In addition to posters and information sheets the exhibition includes housewares, children's books and other artifacts.

Nov. 17, 2005 to April 30, 2006
Canadian War Museum, Ottawa
1-800-555-5621 www.warmuseum.ca

VERMONT, U.S.

Quebec Country Furniture

Collection of furniture made in Quebec dating from the 17th through the 19th centuries. The exhibit illuminates aesthetic themes, utilitarian purposes and historical contexts.

Until Oct. 31, 2005
Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, Vermont
(802) 985-3346
www.shelburnemuseum.org

Currents

Oldways

From *The Book of Games with Directions How to Play Them* by Mary White, 1898

HALLOWE'EN

To deviate from the old customs and games on this day of all others would never do, and lest some of these traditions should be overlooked or forgotten, they are repeated here.

Candle and Looking-glass Test

Each person in turn walks down-stairs backward, alone; with a looking-glass in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. It is supposed that each will see the face of his or her future wife or husband in the glass. Instead of this test, another, it is said, will bring the same result. This is to run three times round the outside of the house with one's mouth full of water.

Snap-dragon

That good old sport, may be played in two ways, with raisins or with verses written beforehand on slips of paper folded very small and covered with tinfoil. They are placed in an earthen or tin dish and covered with water, over which alcohol is poured and set afire. Each player must try while it is burning to snatch a snap-dragon, which may be a raisin or one of the verses which is supposed to tell his fortune. The dish should be placed in the middle of a bare table, and great care must be taken that the drops of burning alcohol do not set anything on fire. In pouring the alcohol on to the water it should flow down the side of the dish gently so that it will float on the water and not mix with it.

D'Arcy McGee funeral, Montreal, 1868

Feedback

Duelling funerals

The Beaver's sharp-eyed, knowledgeable readers have helped correct a mistake in Canada's national archives files.

In an item about the gun used to assassinate Father of Confederation Thomas D'Arcy McGee, *The Beaver* published the photo shown below left. More than a dozen readers questioned details: the soldiers' weapons, right down to the ammunition magazines; their headgear and uniforms; bystanders' hats; bunting and flags; street signs and more.

The photo was filed in the archives as the McGee funeral, but it isn't.

Jim Burant, manager of photo and art archives for Library and Archives Canada, said it has been misfiled for "20 years or more." The error occurred when the original was digitally copied.

Burant said the photo is from the same set as a number of photos in "a scrapbook compiled by the Laurier family relating to [former prime minister] Wilfrid Laurier's presence in London at the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in June 1897" for Queen Victoria, but this particular image is not in the scrapbooks. The source of the original remains uncertain, and archivists are continuing to track it down.

The correct national archives photo of McGee's 1868 funeral in Montreal appears above.

Burant extended his compliments to our readers for helping correct the error. "It is nice to know how much people know about and care about Canada's past."

We at *The Beaver* agree.

HISTORY™
TELEVISION
HistoryTelevision.ca

Programming Highlights

Fact & Film
Sundays at 8 pm ET

From **Top Gun** to **Taxi Driver**, History Television puts forward the facts and offers the interpretations. The network's new programming block, **Fact & Film**, features a documentary that examines a world event or contemporary story and pairs it with a blockbuster film inspired by the same event. With her unique insights and witty commentary, **History on Film** host Anne Medina will introduce each film and documentary.

Full Throttle
Mondays at 8pm ET/9pm PT, beginning September 5

Combining history, reality and renovation, **Full Throttle** heads out on the drag strip as classic cars are transformed into fine-tuned machines. History is injected at every step through factory archives and interviews with the legends behind the design and manufacture of the particular model. Vehicles include the Mustang, Camaro, MG, Gremlin and the Impala.

Over There
Tuesdays at 9pm ET/PT, beginning September 6

This ensemble drama from FX, created by Steven Bochco (NYPD Blue, Hillstreet Blues), follows members of an Army unit sent to Iraq on their first tour of duty and looks at the effects of war on the soldiers' families at home. Stars Nicki Lynn Aycox (Cold Case, Ed), Lombardo Boyar (Rocket Power), Lizette Carion (The Big Time), Sticky Fingaz (Platinum) and Sprague Grayden (Joan of Arcadia, Six Feet Under).

Band of Brothers
Thursdays at 9pm ET/10pm PT, beginning November 3

Tom Hanks and Steven Spielberg present the epic miniseries that chronicles the experiences of Easy Company, an elite rifle company that parachuted into France early D-Day morning. This award-winning series tells the story of a group of young men who knew extraordinary bravery and whose lives became legend.

ALLIANCE ATLANTIS
10 YEARS AS A BROADCASTER

January 1922

March 1923

February 1924

December 1925

June 1926

September 1927

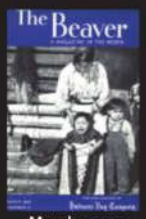
March 1928

June 1929

March 1934

June 1935

December 1936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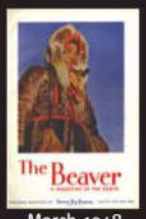
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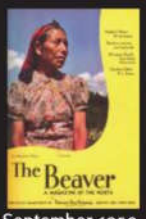
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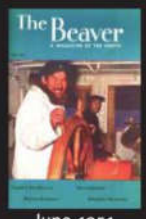
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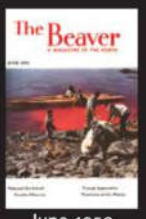
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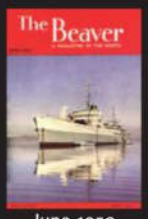

June 1953

Summer 1958

Winter 1959

Summer 1960

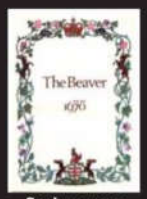
Autumn 1961

Spring 1962

Autumn 1963

Spring 1964

Winter 1965


Spring 1970

Summer 1971

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Summer 1973

Autumn 1974

Spring 1975

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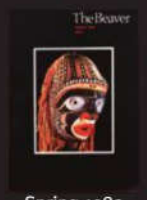
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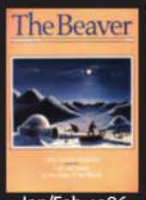
Summer 1983

Summer 1984

Autumn 1985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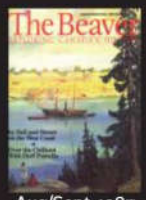
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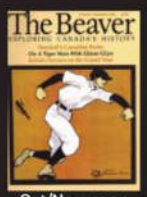
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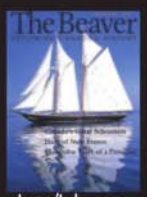
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Feb/Mar 1998

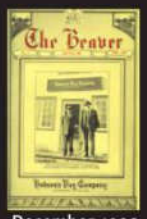
April/May 1999

Feb/Mar 2000

Feb/Mar 2001

December 1930

December 1931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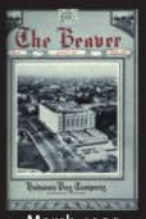
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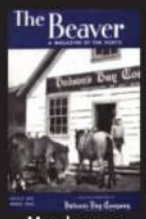
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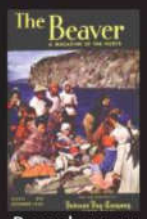

December 1944

June 1945

Winter 1954

Summer 1955

Spring 1956

Spring 1957

Autumn 1966

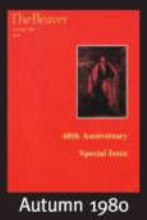
Autumn 1967

Autumn 1968

Summer 1969

Spring 1978

Spring 1979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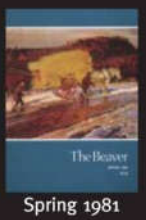

Spring 1981

Feb/Mar 1990

June/July 1991

April/May 1992

Aug/Sept 1993

Oct/Nov 2002

Oct/Nov 2003

Aug/Sept 2004

June/July 2005

85 years of The Beaver

Canada is a nation with a unique past. *The Beaver* is a unique publication. Over these 11 pages we celebrate the evolving style and content of one of Canada's most enduring magazines, looking at four great themes that have emerged over eight-and-a-half decades.

By Charlotte Gray

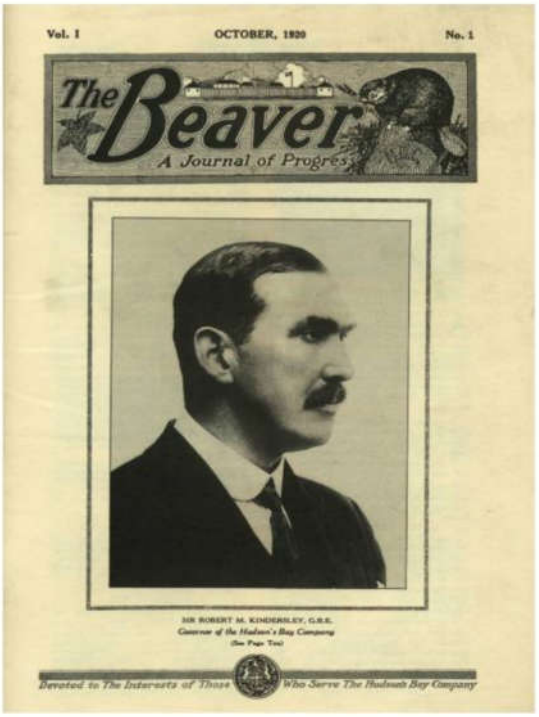
August 1921

A woman first appeared on the cover of *The Beaver* in August 1921, 10 months after the inaugural issue. Until then, the magazine had reflected its parent, the all-guys, all-the-time Hudson's Bay Company. Sir Robert M. Kindersley, governor of the company, graced the first cover. Above his visage was a charming engraving of a beaver gnawing at a stick and the logo, "A Journal of Progress."Clean-cut, unsmiling and utterly British, Sir Robert, G.B.E. (Knight Grand Cross of the British Empire) stares sternly off to his left,

seeming distinctly uneasy at finding himself anywhere near either a rodent or the idea of "progress."

By Issue Nos. 11 and 12, readers could enjoy a much more engaging sight: a cheerful Inuit woman with a baby peeping over her shoulder from the deep and cozy hood of her "hairy deerskin coat." The caption refers to "this native type," rather than giving her a name.

But the cover makes it clear that *The Beaver*, which announced that it is "Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company," is not about celebrating either the company's collar-and-tie management



The first issue of *The Beaver*, October 1920.

around a board table far away in London, or the hatching, matching and dispatching of company employees. It is about exploring the history and people, flora and fauna, cultures and quirks of the vast land through which the Hudson's Bay Company had spread for two and a half centuries.

Since those early days, the magazine has grown alongside the country it reflects, reinventing itself with each shift of Canadian self-image – and often surprising its readers.

Still, in early issues there are enough details about life in HBC trading posts to fascinate a reader in the 21st century. Take the Reverend W. Hawthornewaite, Anglican rector at Moose Factory, on James Bay. Hawthornewaite was the principal of the local Indian school, and obviously a large character in the community.

One winter day in 1920, a surprising sight greeted the residents: a huge coloured balloon drifted out of the sky, landing softly on a nearby ice field. Of course the Anglican priest jumped to attention. I can imagine him, striding across the snow in tweeds and dog collar, eager to greet the confused and chilly balloonists who clambered unsteadily out of the basket.

The group of U.S. Naval Aviation enthusiasts had left Long Island, New York, 25 hours earlier, and drifted more than 1,320 kilometres north. Had they even heard of Moose Factory? The good Reverend, according to *The Beaver*, "took an active part in helping the lost American balloonists."

A few months later, with his usual bonhomie, Poor Reverend Hawthornewaite was helping move a piano. It was dropped and he sustained a compound fracture of his shoulder. Since the nearest doctor was in Cochrane, 290 kilometres distant, he lay for weeks without medical attention.

In the 12th issue, September 1921, his grisly end is described. "While crazed with the pain in his shoulder, and delirious, the rector, two weeks ago, escaped from his Indian attendants and shot himself."

In these early issues HBC employees are invariably described in the manner such as an August 1921 obituary characterized a factor by the name of Mr. Moberly, citing his "rugged strength and stature, hardened by a lifetime's toil in conquering the wilderness." But some writers elbowed aside the stereotypes even then. Charles H. French, district manager for British Columbia, wrote an intriguing series in the 1920s entitled *The Heroism of Some Indian Women I Have Known*.

One anecdote describes a young woman who, when attacked by coyotes, saved her infant by hanging him in a tree, then turning on her predators with her short-handled axe. Mr. French not only gives the gory tale all possible drama, including the number of coyotes she killed before succumbing ("three dead dogs and two badly wounded"), he refrains from using the derogatory epithets about "squaws" and "redskins" that litter most such tales in those years.

Today, stories like this are filtering into modern Canadian fiction, by those novelists who find the roots of Canadian identity in our rugged past (Audrey Thomas, Guy Vanderhaeghe and Jane Urquhart spring to mind). Meanwhile, there are no cheery rodents or promises of "progress" on today's *Beaver*; instead, Inuit women have names, and the magazine has carved out a unique niche for itself as a publication about Canadian history.

By 1959, *The Beaver* was carrying a full issue on the peoples of the Arctic. By 1981 there were serious re-evaluations of crucial episodes such as the Riel Rebellion. These days, we can read about those whom history textbooks often ignore – servants in 19th-century Quebec, for example, or 1950s homemakers. While most other Canadian magazines reflect the homogenous North American culture that shapes our lives (Middle Eastern politics, BoHo fashion or the *Sopranos*) *The Beaver* continues to remind us that we are a nation with a unique past and our own stories to tell.

Charlotte Gray is an award-winning historian and author. Her latest book is *The Museum Called Canada: 25 Rooms of Wonder*.

Discovery

In its winter 1968 edition, *The Beaver* told the story of the *Nonsuch*, the ship that carried French explorers Radisson and Groseilliers into Hudson Bay in 1668 and sparked the founding two years later of the Hudson's Bay Company. The fur-trade enterprise would become synonymous with Canada's west and north and in the fullness of time establish a publication called *The Beaver*.

The magazine had told readers of this trail-blazing ship before, but never in quite such a way: the *Nonsuch* was being accurately and fully replicated in an English shipyard and, the story reported, would travel to Canada to help celebrate the HBC's 300th anniversary in 1970. It was living history, a vital example of a great theme that winds through Canadian history and through *The Beaver* – exploration, and the fur trade that drove it.

The first issue of *The Beaver*, October 1920, didn't explain its choice of name. It didn't have to. It was an HBC publication, and the buck-toothed, fur-bearing rodent had been the source of the company's wealth for 250 years. The search for beaver pelts sent traders ever westward, and with them the course of exploration, all the way to the Pacific coast.

In its early years, *The Beaver* was much focused on exploits of the company's own traders in the here and now, but issues were often punctuated with tales of the celebrated adventurers who opened up a continent – or tried to open up the fabled Northwest Passage.

THE BEAVER COLLECTION

***Snow Cottages of the Boothians*, a lithograph based on the water-colour drawings of Captain John Ross, who in 1829 organized an expedition to the Arctic to discover the final link in the Northwest Passage. From the Aug/Sept 1998 edition.**

MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADA, MONTREAL

The Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. The Yacht 'Fox' Wintering in the Pack, **a 19th century engraving by an anonymous artist. Many voyages over a dozen years were made to solve the mystery of Franklin's disappearance in the high Arctic in 1845.**

THE BEAVER COLLECTION

Alexander Mackenzie's epic journeys between 1789 and 1793 made him the first European to cross the North American continent north of Mexico.

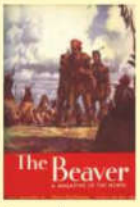
From the late 1930s through to the 1980s, when *The Beaver* was "A Magazine of the North," readers were entertained and edified by thorough treatments of Sir John Franklin's tragic last voyage, Alexander Mackenzie's triumphant descent to the Arctic Ocean on the river that would bear his name and John Rae's incredible knack for survival in the frigid north.

When the magazine expanded its focus in the 1980s to incorporate all of Canadian history, from all regions sea-to-sea-to-sea, the gates opened. In the 25 years since, many of the great figures of Canadian exploration more fully presented themselves on *The Beaver*'s pages: John Cabot, Samuel de Champlain, even those largely unnamed pre-Columbian adventurers known as Vikings.

It wasn't mere curiosity that drove Europeans across Canada. They came for fur – for more than two centuries the mainstay of the economy – and found to their delight the other resources that this country possesses in abundance. Canada has been an enterprise built by enterprising people, and *The Beaver* in its 85 years has celebrated this more than any other endeavour.

March 1939

December 1948



December 1950

Winter 1968

April/May 1986

Aug/Sept 1999

Tradition

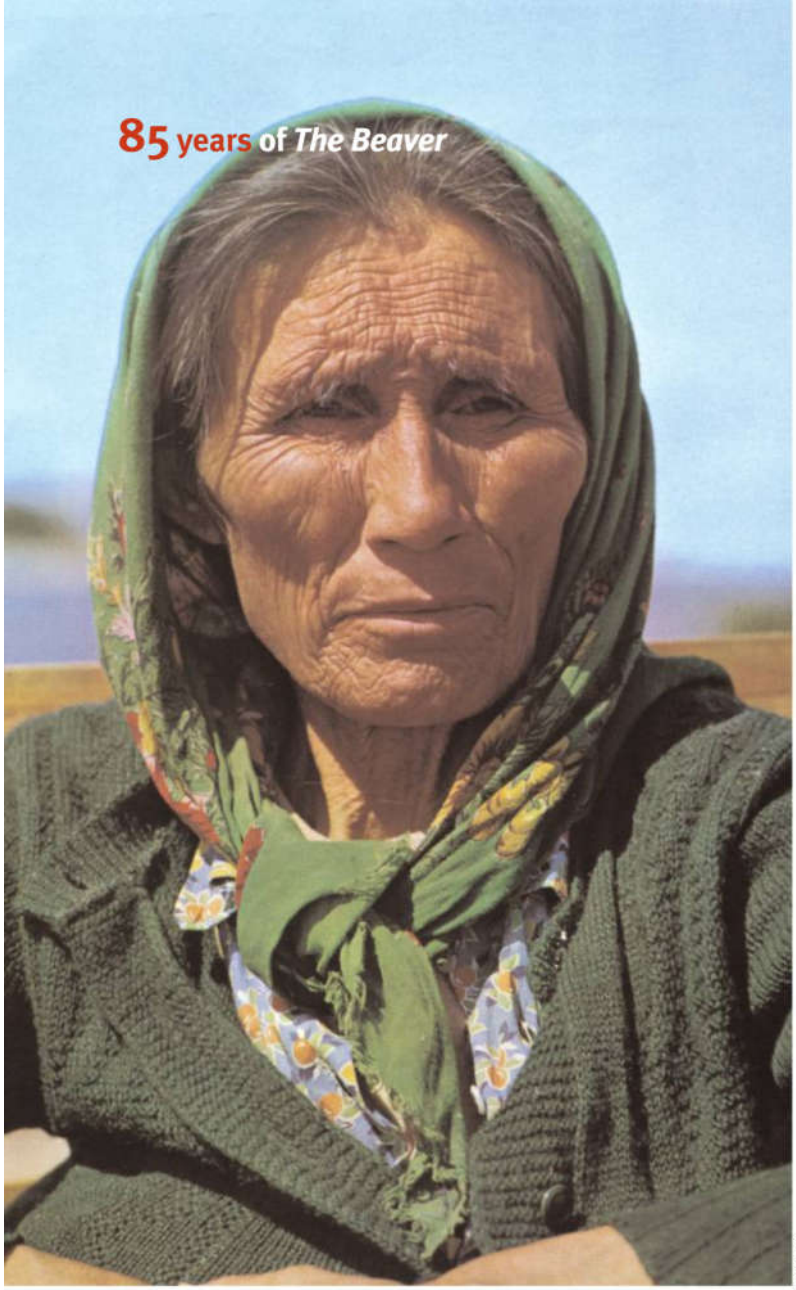
FRED BRUEMMER

An Inuit child from Pond Inlet, among the photographs commissioned for an Autumn 1966 story on a quest for soapstone in the Frobisher Bay area.

They gambol across the page, native dancers in celebration. This image encapsulated an important theme that traversed the pages of *The Beaver* – examination of traditional life. When editor Douglas MacKay shifted the focus in 1933 from that of a staff magazine to that of a magazine of the North, he still recognized that Hudson's Bay staff were among his greatest editorial assets. Who better to reflect the ways of life in the North than Bay men and women posted there?

The magazine's mission to be an authoritative and attractive source of information on the Canadian North was well served. The long-standing commercial relationship between the native people of the North and the HBC was unique, and readers in the south had an exceptional curiosity about traditional life and lore.

Alice MacKay, Douglas MacKay's widow and successor as *Beaver* editor, advised staff correspondents in a 1938 address to "try to observe with a fresh eye all the details of life about you, make immediate notes of all you observe, and write sincere-



EDEN BOURKE

Inuit women threading fishing nets under the ice. They learned how to build a Cree tipi, tan caribou hides or build a *komatik* (Inuit sled). Through words and pictures, one could attend a seal or whale hunt or hunt wild game with bow and arrow. *The Beaver* also described leisure activities, from Inuit string games to lacrosse, a game designed to toughen Iroquois warriors.

Tied strongly to the mundane were the spiritual rituals that ensured success. "A resident nurse" wrote about the medicine dance performed by an Ojibway medicine man named Moanday. In December 1934, A.K. Black, manager of Nipigon post, provided "a vivid description of Indian occult practices which proves that black magic is not restricted to the Congo." In 1999, writer Tom Koppel described the day-to-day customs of the Nass River eulachon fishery, so tightly entwined with the spiritual rituals of the Nisga'a people.

HBC writers and photographers were soon joined by professional authors and ethnographers

GUY MARY ROUSSELIERE

Above left: A woman from Hay River, Northwest Territories, photographed in 1970.

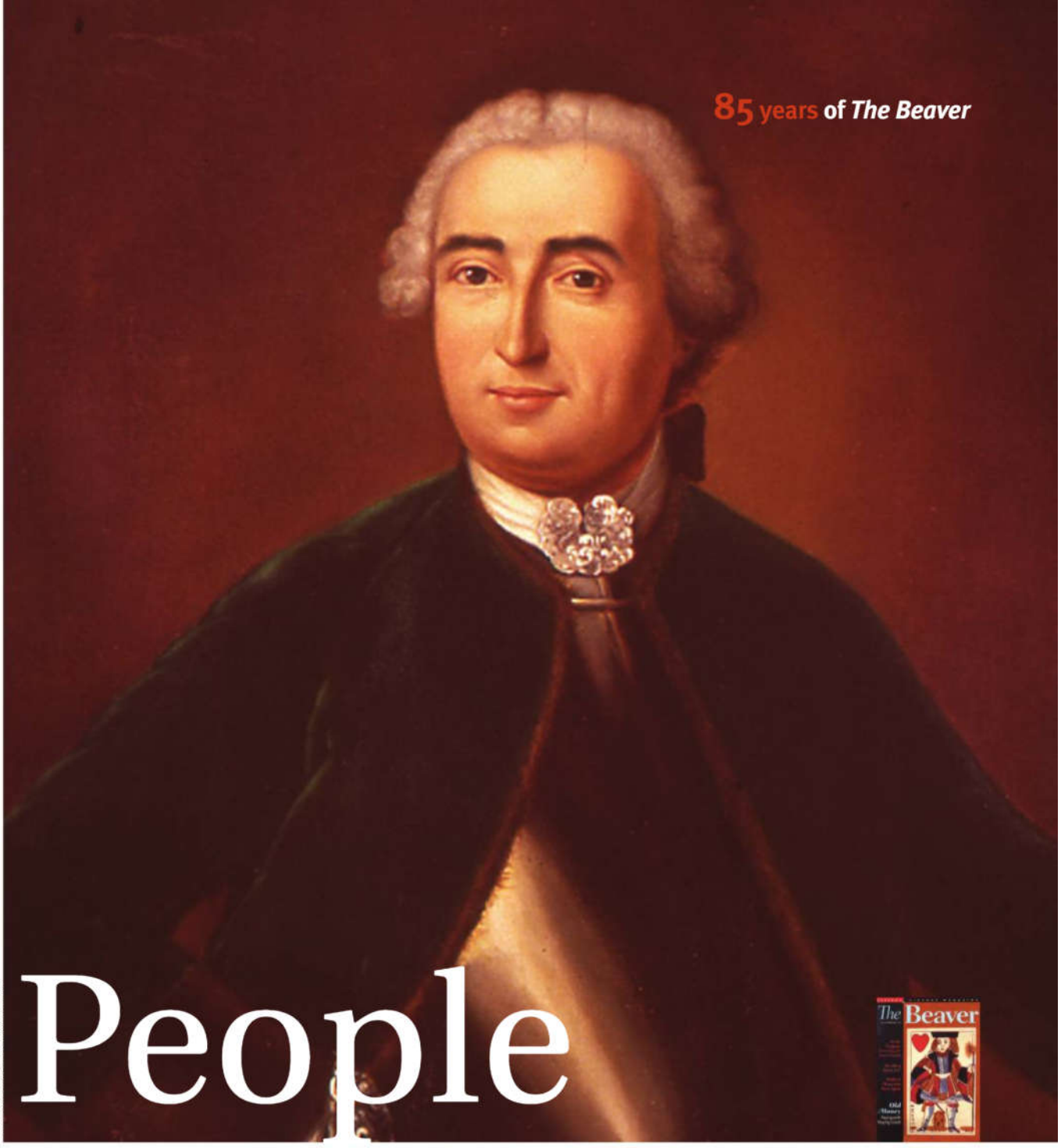
ly about it. You can, if you will, make yourself specialists on familiar things in your districts, and you will find it a good hobby."

Thus readers were treated to an explanation of the details of daily survival – the traditions of preparing food and building shelter. Readers observed native women parching wild rice in giant pans and such as Marius Barbeau and Margaret Mead. Photographers such as Richard Harrington, Rosemary Gilliat and Margaret Bourke-White visually chronicled the traditional life of the North.

But the HBC roots hold. The magazine's aim, "simply to tell the truth on a chosen subject" in the words of its trained observers, cemented its reputation.

Above right: An Inuit family photographed to accompany a Spring 1959 article on eastern Arctic Inuit life.

June 1936 | September 1946 | Spring 1956 | Winter 1960 | April/May 1996 | Oct/Nov 2000



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/C-027665

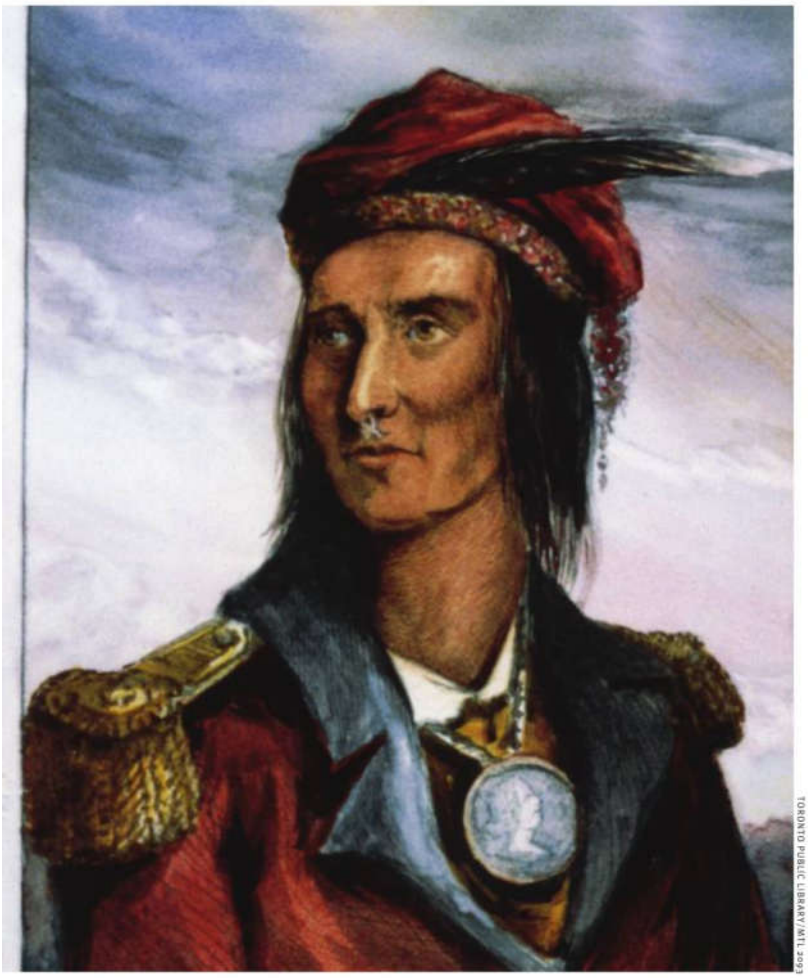
People

History is about people and enduring human endeavour – and it is history's characters that make it so fascinating. *The Beaver*'s early years focused on the people in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its first issue, October 1920, featured then-Governor Sir Robert Kindersley on its cover and various department managers within. Staff news – births, deaths, retirements, marriages – featured prominently. But the illustrious history of the company was highlighted from the beginning.

The early *Beaver* profiled such HBC notables as Sir George Simpson (1787–1860), "the Empire Builder" and Lord Selkirk (1771–1820), "Patriot and Colonizer." It celebrated the giants and heroes of the company. But within 10 years, the focus shifted, recognizing that the romance of the fur trade was what readers really responded to.

Douglas McKay, editor from 1933 to his untimely death in 1937, said in an influential memorandum in February 1933, that the magazine "would cover the fur trade, historical north, northern transporta-

Louis-Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm, was featured in a story about his living descendants and those of his antagonist, James Wolfe, in an Aug/Sept 2000 article.



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THE ROY STUDIO ARCHIVE

Above left: Tecumseh, the Shawnee war chief, allied his forces with British and Canadian troops during the War of 1812.

Above right: Rosie, the Gypsy queen, photographed in Peterborough, Ontario, 1909.

tion," and be directed primarily to "readers who have interests in the north." Who better than the company's traders and company men to reflect that northern experience?

The September 1933 issue ushered in a new era. Written largely by the Bay men, *The Beaver* pioneered a unique type of social history. The exploits of monarchs, politicians and great military men took a back seat to the everyday lives of the fur traders, the First Nations people they encountered and the obscure but intriguing characters who peopled the North. Those were the stories that resonated with readers – the stories of people who cleared roads, planted fields, ventured into the unknown, built themselves a country.

The Bay men, in their day-to-day encounters, became ethnologists, photographers and recorders of a way of life rarely seen. They presented the people of the North with a respect and knowledge that came from familiarity.

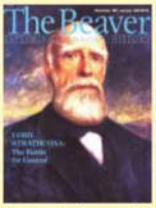
But history was always important. Editor Alice Mackay said in a 1938 address: "So far as we are able to judge from the many who forward their opinions to *The Beaver* office, our paying readers have good appetites for history and the North. The scales are weighted rather heavily in favour of history."

The mix of fur trade history and modern northern life continued for four decades. In the 1980s the magazine narrowed its focus to Canadian history, but expanded its scope, exploring history from all areas of the country, all time periods and every area of human endeavour.

The great and powerful were featured – how else to understand the trajectory of a country than through the triumphs and failures of its leaders? But so were the ordinary, like Rosie the gypsy queen, who caught the eye of photographer F.L. Roy as her family wandered through Peterborough, Ontario one summer's day in 1909.

Winter 1954

Autumn 1973



Dec1987/Jan1988

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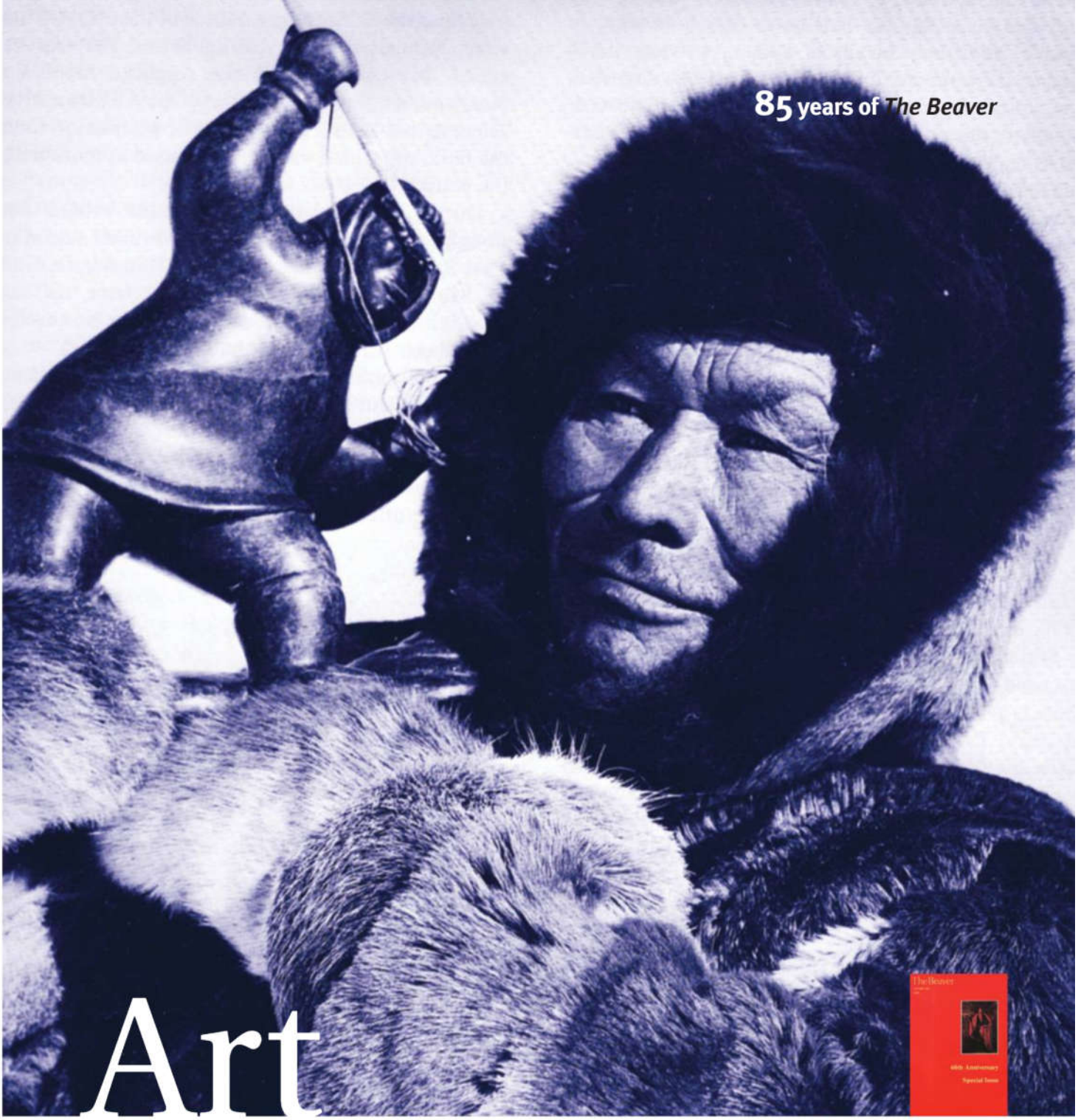


RICHARD HARRINGTON

Some gifts keep on giving. This gift sparked worldwide collecting and commerce in a traditional art genre. In 1948, artist and lecturer James Houston embarked on a painting trip to the east coast of Hudson Bay. He returned with a stone carving, a gift from an Inuit hunter. It drew tremendous interest, which prompted Houston to organize a unique carving industry in cooperation with the Canadian Handicrafts Guild and the Hudson's Bay Company. Avid purchasers in the south and even overseas clamoured for the special art of the Inuit.

Were the figures, depicting both the magic of the spirit world and the everyday lives of the Inuit, indeed art? Experts argued, but no matter. A 1951 *Beaver* article by Houston introduced readers to this new form of expression. Establishment of a printmaking cooperative in Cape Dorset eight years later provided a new

Ningeyuk of Inukjuak studies a carving in this Richard Harrington photograph from the Autumn 1980 issue.

FRED BRUEMMER

PAINTING BY A.Y. JACKSON

Above left: The Spring 1967 issue included a portfolio of A.Y. Jackson sketches accompanied by this photograph of A.Y. himself at work.

Above right: *Mount Asgard, Baffin Island*, 1965, by A.Y. Jackson.

medium for the exceptional artists of the North.

The art of the Inuit became a frequent subject in the magazine, with the Centennial special issue in 1967 exploring the full range of Inuit art. The lives and creativity of artists such as Kenojuak Ashevak, Peter Pitseolak, Jessie Oonark and Seeguapik were documented over the years, telling the stories of the North through the eyes of its first inhabitants.

The magazine published the artistic perceptions of outsiders, too. Views of Hudson Bay from British marine artist Norman Wilkinson appeared in 1957. The paintings of Frances Anne Hopkins created unique records of fur trade life as she accompanied her husband, HBC factor Edward Hopkins, on his river. The paintings of Paul Kane and Peter Rindisbacher are invaluable documents of life as it was. W. Langdon Kihn's meticulous First Nations portraits combine art with ethnology.

More than anything, however, *The Beaver* celebrated those native-born artists who created a new view of the country. Ojibway artists such as Benjamin Chee Chee, Samuel Ash and Norval Morrisseau were masters of stylized natural forms. Group of Seven artists, and those they influenced, reflected a more representational Canadian landscape. Artists such as Emily Carr and Walter J. Phillips brought their sense of place to readers all over the country. And artists like William Kurelek and Armand Paquette shared unique cultures and communities.

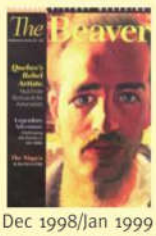
After the Second World War, international modernism had its effect. In Quebec, art served as a powerful political force as Paul-Émile Borduas and the Automatists issued a manifesto of liberation in defiance of Duplessis's oppressive society – though artists lost their jobs and went into exile. In the wake of the 1951 Massey Commission Report on culture, Canadian artists were encouraged to create a unique national expression – an expression that continues to evolve.

Winter 1964

Autumn 1972

Spring 1979

Summer 1983



Dec 1998/Jan 1999

Aug/Sept 2001

This week's subjects:

- UFOs
- Hockey
- Family history
- Stamp collecting

— Other ideas?

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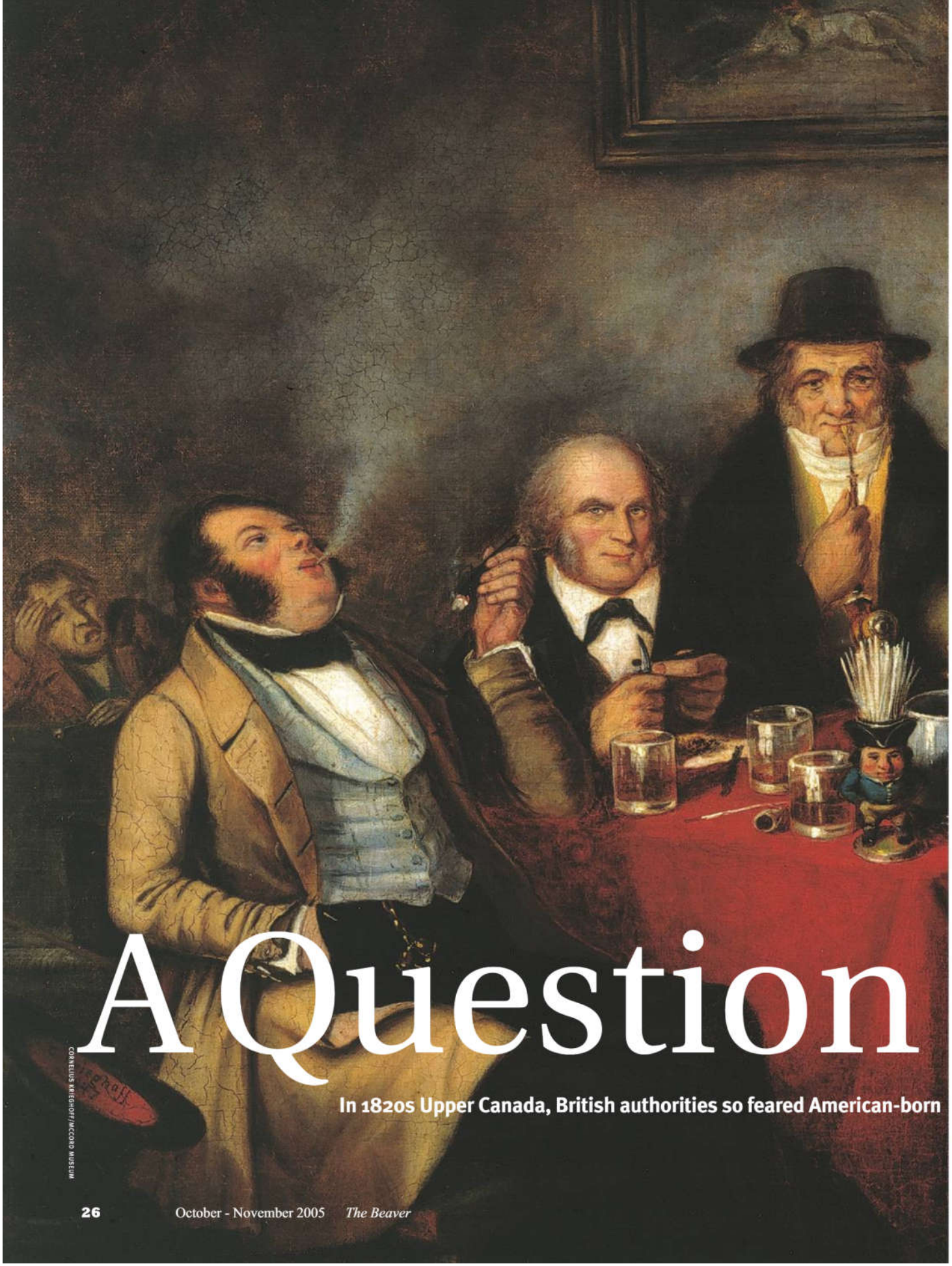
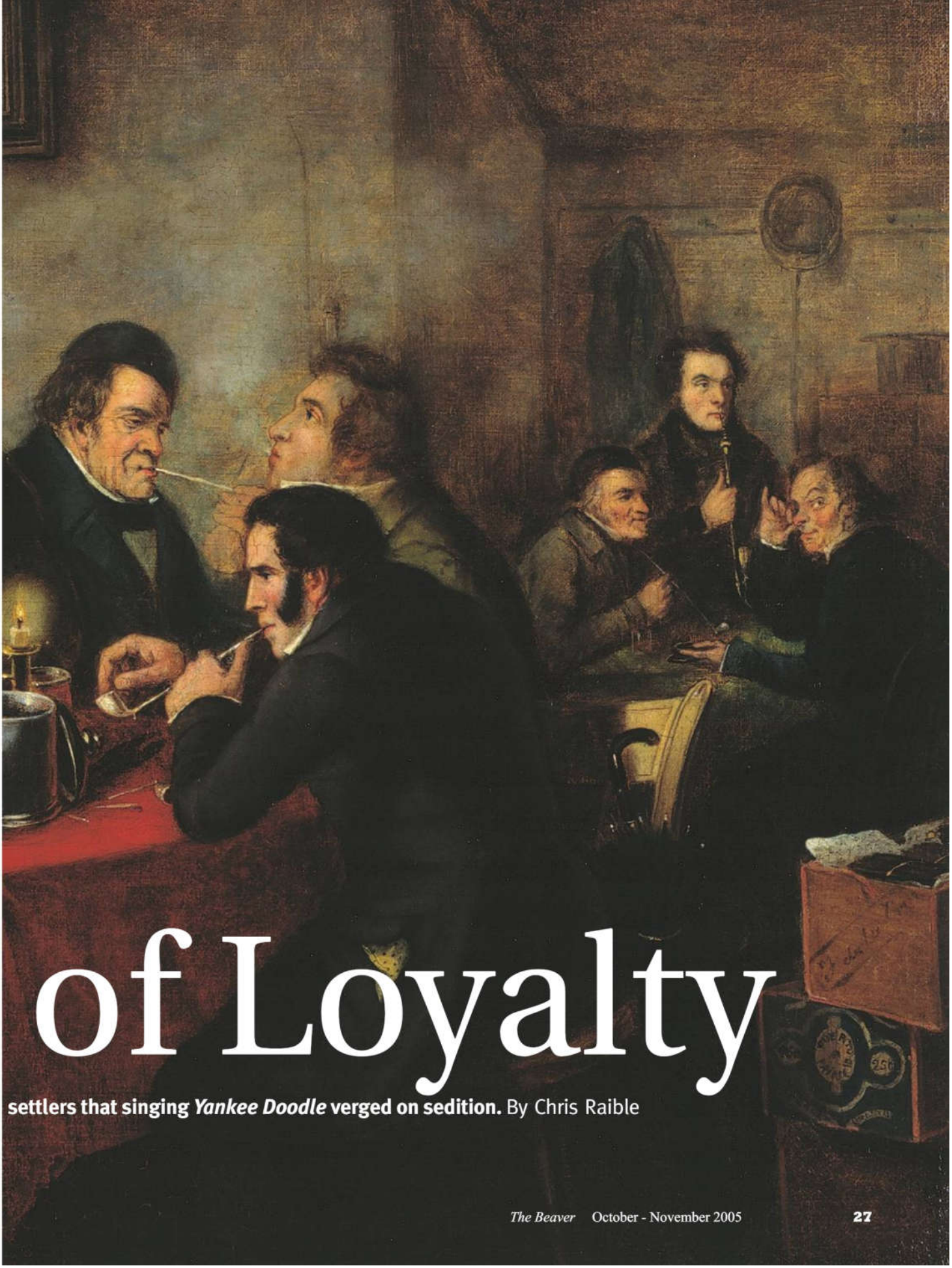


A Question

In 1820s Upper Canada, British authorities so feared American-born

CORNELIUS KREGHOFF/MCCORD MUSEUM



# of Loyalty

settlers that singing *Yankee Doodle* verged on sedition. By Chris Raible

One New Year's Eve, in the little town of York on Lake Ontario, two groups of out-of-towners found themselves at loose ends. One was a troupe of American actors, broke and dispirited by the slim public response to their productions; the other comprised legislators from distant ridings in town for a session of parliament. The frozen lake and impassible roads made travel home impossible for both.

The thespians appealed to the charity of the politicians, offering them a special performance for only a small fee. The MPPs eagerly accepted. That evening 16 or so legislators with a few townspeople gathered at a makeshift theatre: Frank's Hotel near Market Square in the town that would become Toronto. The actor-manager counted the house, no more than 25 all told, and refused to proceed. Negotiations ensued. A larger purse was raised and soon agreement was reached. The show must go on.

There was much merriment. Everyone was in high spirits, augmented undoubtedly by liquid spirits (though a later report avoids all reference.) A small band played to allow the actors time to ready themselves. Audience members called out requests, starting, appropriately, with *God Save the King*. Everyone stood, removed hats, lustily sang, and heartily cheered at the end. Next called for (according to the perhaps clouded memories of several celebrants) was *Rule Britannia*. Not many, it seems, knew the words, so Captain John Matthews, MPP for Middlesex, assisted the audience in showing their patriotism by writing out the words so all could sing: "Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

The scene became more raucous, even rowdy. There were, all later testimony insists, no ladies present. Members engaged in jocular contest, calling for different songs – *The British Grenadiers, Hearts of Oak, Jenny's Bawbee* and others – all at the same time. In tribute perhaps to the visiting performers, someone called for the American air, *Hail Columbia*. The musicians were reluctant to play it for such an obviously pro-British party. As a substitute, *Yankee Doodle* was called for, and as it played nearly everyone jovially sang along. "Yankee doodle, keep it up; Yankee doodle dandy!" Someone shouted, "hats off" as a salute to the Yankees. Many men happily doffed their caps. Forebodingly, others doggedly kept their heads covered.

There was a skirmish when hatless George Hamilton, MPP for Wentworth, playfully knocked off the hat of his neighbour, Philip Vankoughnet. The MPP for Stormont was not amused; he threw off his coat and threatened fisticuffs. Others quickly calmed the offended member and everyone laughed it off – apparently. More songs were called for and played. At last the curtain went up for an abridged version of *Richard III*. When the play was over, everyone departed peacefully.

But this was 1825 in Lower Canada, and matters that implicated sentiments for or against Britain or America had a way of festering, especially if they involved legislators. Soon there was some ado about something.

A distorted description of the evening's events reached the authorities. It leaked to the press. In mid-January, the *Kingston Chronicle* commented that at the theatre that evening, certain unnamed critics of the government had been given their comeuppance: "To their no small disappointment and mortification, the *British* feeling of the house so triumphantly prevailed, as nearly to cause their being kicked out of doors."

A week later the *Quebec Mercury* ran its own report, righteously noting that the incident revealed "the spirit by which the opposition members are governed" – again, no names, but heavy hints enabled knowledgeable readers to identify the *dis*loyalists.

A silly, surely harmless bit of badinage became something much more serious. The government held a secret inquiry. Anonymous testimony was presented. A guilty verdict was reached.

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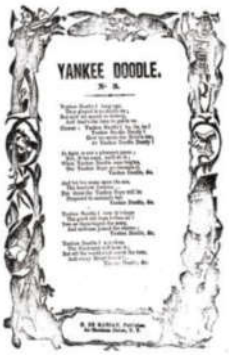


Left to right: Frank's Hotel as imagined by Frederic V. Poole in 1912 pen-and-ink drawing. The assembly rooms of Frank's Hotel, near present-day St. Lawrence Market in downtown Toronto, were used as a theatre in the 1820s.

Though the British used *Yankee Doodle* to make fun of the American colonists during the Revolutionary War, it became the Americans' rallying anthem.

George Ramsay Dalhousie, 9th Earl of Dalhousie, governor-in-chief of British North America, 1820-1828.

In Upper Canada in the 1820s, colonial authorities were apprehensive of anything American could be seen as subversive. At the same time, British administration.

In early April 1826, Captain John Matthews of Lobo, Upper Canada, retired British army officer and member of the provincial parliament, received a letter from Military Secretary J.H. Darling. It was written on behalf of Lord Dalhousie, military commander for British North America. To his complete surprise, Matthews was informed that his actions on the now-infamous evening had been "fully corroborated" by an inquiry and were considered by his lordship as "conduct utterly disloyal and disgraceful." Though judgment had already been rendered, "in justice" Matthews was given opportunity to offer "any explanation that may palliate (if possible)" his conduct.

The captain protested his innocence. At stake were not only his reputation but his pension as a retired British officer of more than 20 years of service. In his defence, Matthews gathered testimonials to his character and confirmations of his blamelessness. As instructed, he sent them to the lieutenant governor of Upper Canada along with a letter in which Matthews admitted that he might have "committed imprudences – who does not?" But he insisted that his conduct had been entirely misunderstood.

He acknowledged that the gathering had taken place and that the spirit had been boisterous, but denied that anything dishonourable had occurred. He described himself as the victim of "base fabrications of unprincipled men." They were the ones who should be condemned; it was their continued "system of plunder and injustice" that was producing "discontented subjects to His Majesty's government."

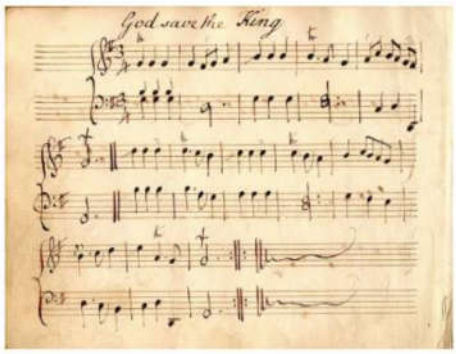
Eight months later Matthews received another letter, from "the Master General and Honourable Board of Ordnance," the senior military authorities in England. It commanded him to "go now forthwith to Quebec," and there to remain "until the first ships shall sail" in the spring to take him to England to personally answer the charges against him.

Parliament was in session and Matthews immediately appealed to his fellow MPPs for a leave of absence. Instead, with only one dissent, the House of Assembly of Upper Canada voted to strike a select committee to investigate.

Over the next month, 13 MPPs and one other person who had been at the makeshift theatre hall that fateful New Year's Eve were individually examined. Witness after witness was interrogated – who was present that night, what was the mood, what songs and "national airs" were called for, how *God Save the King* was received, who called for which songs, who called for *Yankee Doodle*, who shouted "hats off," who did and who did not bare their heads, what anger was shown amidst the mirth, what was the response? – on and on in exhaustive detail. Each witness was asked about accuracy of newspaper reports; all condemned them as (in the words of the committee's report) "shamefully uncandid, exaggerated and in many essential points utterly untrue."

The witnesses independently corroborated each other. They were virtually unanimous in their recall of events, though there were differences – from one witness, particularly – in feeling and interpretation about those events.

Matthews did not testify, but he wrote a letter expressing little quarrel with the facts presented, save one: he wished "distinctly to disavow having first called for either *Yankee Doodle* or *Hail Columbia* – I could do neither for I never heard either tune, nor do I now know the third word of either one."

More than two years after the events, at the end of January 1927, the committee reported. Matthews was absolved of all blame: "The circumstances … as they are related without contradiction of a single witness, irresistibly bespeak the absence of that disloyalty with which it has been basely attempted to sully the character of a most honourable man." The committee concluded, "There is no ground for the charges which have been preferred" against Matthews, "the indignity and falsity of [the charges] …devised their origin and support from

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/C-34334

Left:
God Save the King **was first publicly perfomed in London in 1745. It came to be referred to as the National Anthem in the early 19th century.**

Right:
A view of part of the town of York in he early 19th, by Elizabeth Hale.

about growing American influences. Sentiments suggesting approval many Upper Canadian legislators were deeply discontented with the

political hostility." Transcriptions of all testimony, the newspaper reports and the letters to Matthews were all appended to the committee's lengthy published report.

Why this mountain of words to deal with a molehill of a matter? Much more than the honour of a British officer and Upper Canadian legislator was involved. This injustice reflected a deeper problem. British-born Matthews was no Yankee. He had never even been in the U.S.A. Why was calling for and singing of an American song judged "outrageous" and "disloyal" and serious enough to suspend his pension and order him back to England?

In Upper Canada in the 1820s, colonial authorities were apprehensive about growing American influences. Sentiments suggesting approval of anything American could be seen as subversive. At the same time, many Upper Canadian legislators were deeply discontented with the British administration.

The events involving Matthews occurred in an atmosphere of animosity caused by a controversy that was deeply dividing the province: the so-called "alien question." At issue was an attempt by government officials and their allies to deny the citizenship of tens of thousands of settlers, threatening their property rights and civil rights.

Charles Jones, MPP for Leeds, was an ardent adherent of all things British, and thus a strong supporter of the provincial administration. When questioned by the committee, he readily acknowledged that the mood of the 1825 New Year's Eve party was coloured by political differences. Among the MPPs present were both government critics and government champions – "reformers" and "Tories" were the common labels, respectively.

Jones was an impassioned Tory. A few years later, William Lyon Mackenzie would rank Jones number 10 of the 30 members of the Family Compact, the small group of officials linked by family, patronage and conservative beliefs who dominated Upper Canadian society in the early 19th century. Matthews, on the other hand, was an articulate spokesman for reform.

Jones told the committee he considered Matthews's behaviour "improper … in consequence of the discussion which had taken place that day in the House of Assembly." Members had been debating the alien question – more specifically, they had been debating reform-sponsored resolutions affirming rights of American-born settlers, resolutions that Tories opposed.

Jones considered the resolutions "indelicate" and contrary to British law. Sharp disagreements stirred fierce feelings that were still present that night at the theatre. Jones readily admitted that he had called for the playing of *Yankee Doodle*. He had done so in ridicule, to taunt reformers for what he saw as pro-American prejudices. The response of "hats off," he conceded, had been a similar tease. But beneath the banter was burning hostility.

A year after the episode, the alien issue remained unsettled. Emotions were still strong. The select committee interrogated Jones at length, pounding him with questions about his opinions. Nearly a quarter of its report consisted of a transcript of Jones's testimony. The committee transformed its investigation of Matthews into a vehicle for debating the whole alien question all over again.

The seeds of this dispute had been sown many years before. In the early years of Upper Canada, after the original Loyalist refugees had found a new home in the wake of the American Revolutionary War, more people were needed to populate the province. At the urging of Lieutenant Governor John Graves Simcoe, American immigrants were actively invited to settle. A law was enacted requiring new arrivals who were not British subjects to swear an oath of allegiance to King George III if they wished to own land. (And who did not?)

To Simcoe, this oath was no mere formality. His clear intent was to make Upper Canada different from the United States, a *British* colony, ruled by British laws, British government, British customs and institutions. His names for rivers (Humber, Thames), new names for towns (Newark, York), designations for counties (Middlesex, Leeds) even his roads named for officials (Yonge, Dundas) were all chosen to imprint everything as British, not American. All new settlers were thus required to become loyal subjects of the British monarch.

In the course of the next two decades, hundreds of thousands of Americans crossed the border. They were lured by the opportunities offered. Some came for political reasons, some for religious reasons, some for personal reasons, but most for economic reasons. Good land was available cheap and the provincial administration eagerly wanted good people – experienced, peaceful, hard-working people – to settle that land.

Their citizenship, when it was considered at all, was seen simply as a matter of seven years' residence. The newer immigrants were, in practice, treated equally with the older ones. They could own land, vote, be appointed to government offices, run for parliament. In terms of both civil and property rights, no distinctions were made between the original Loyalists and these "Late Loyalists."

By the time of the War of 1812, the overwhelming majority of Upper Canadians was composed of American-born settlers whose attitudes to Britain had never been tested. The war forced a test. Loyalty was no longer theoretical; it was a matter of life, land and liberty. The militia was called out; all men between 16 and 60 had to serve in it. Everyone was expected to assist in the war effort.

Some settlers packed up and returned south. Some few rallied to aid the Americans. Many, perhaps most, supported the government to some degree, but many also laid low and tried to avoid the whole situation. Despite the valiant service of some, General Isaac Brock and many colonial officials had little trust in the loyalty of the Yankee-born settler subjects.

Between Great Britain and the United States, the war settled nothing. Neither side lost – but the Americans

nearly won. In response, new regulations were quickly put in place to restrict American immigration. The authorities wanted no more Yankee settlers with their ideas of democracy and republican government. Indeed, considering all those already settled, continued colonial rule was seen as in danger. A new war, one for Canadian independence and aided by American invaders, might well be in the offing. New immigrants must be lured from England, from Scotland, even from Ireland – all loyal British subjects, untainted by Yankee notions.

The fears of British officials, and of their Upper Canadian associates holding government positions, about increasing American influences were less economic than ideological. The successful expansion of the American republic meant the spread of democratic principles foreign to British practice. Alien settlers were infecting the land with alien ideas. At issue were matters of personal property, civil liberty and national security.

Prompted by fears of growing American influence, officials began to look at the legal status of the already-settled American immigrants, and even their descendants. Despite the practice of many years, all who came to Upper Canada from the United States after 1783 – the year the Treaty of Paris affirmed American independence – were in legal limbo. They had sworn allegiance to the King, but their citizenship was uncertain.

There was increasing discontent within the province's population, too. The movement seeking reforms in the colonial administration was growing. Not all reformers, certainly not all the leaders, were American-born, but many were. Not all American-born settlers were reform sympathizers, but many were.

Government officials and their supporters concluded that the power of the movement could be diminished if its political strength could be drained. If later Yankee settlers could be declared aliens, they could not hold elected office or even vote. Administering the province would become politically much easier. New laws clarifying and limiting their status were needed.

Complicating it all was that Upper Canada was a colony subject to British rule. It could not determine its own destiny. Laws passed in the provincial parliament required British Colonial Office approval. Matters defining citizenship were ultimately subject to the vote of the British House of Commons, itself caught up in the period's controversies about democracy and reform.

The dilemma for colonial administrators was how to deny "alien" settlers their civil rights – rights to vote, hold office, be elected to parliament – yet preserve their property rights – rights to own, sell, transfer or inherit land. If these latter rights were brought into question, title to perhaps half of the privately owned land in the province would be in limbo.

No reassurances by the government could convince the "aliens" that any new law that changed the long-standing practice of treating all long-term residents as full citizens would not take away their rights and damage their reputations. If, for example, those who had fought as British-Canadians in the War of 1812 were now judged to be aliens (thus, still American citizens) then their military service would become an act of treason against the United States. And if all Late Loyalists were aliens, half the members of the House of Assembly held their seats illegally.

The period was one of public debate and private intrigue, of deliberately ambiguous proposals, sudden changes of official position and hurried trips across the Atlantic by Canadian lobbyists both Tory and reform. No proposal seemed to satisfy everyone. Officials in Britain dithered, not knowing what steps to take.

By the time of the War of 1812, the overwhelming majority of Upper Canadians was composed of American-born settlers whose attitudes to Britain had never been tested.

By the time of the ill-fated New Year's Eve festivities and the subsequent select committee report, the matter was reaching a crisis. Votes taken in the House of Assembly often passed or failed by the narrowest of margins, so the order sending Matthews to Quebec was deemed by some to be politically motivated, depriving reformers of both a voice and a vote.

At last, in 1827, the British government acted decisively. The Parliament of Upper Canada was ordered to pass a law declaring that all American-born residents who had settled before 1820 and who had taken the oath of allegiance were British subjects. Those coming later could take the oath and become naturalized subjects after seven years residence. The reformers had won.

Matthews did not fare so well. He did go to England, where his pension was reinstated. But he came back, dismayed and disillusioned. He served another term in the provincial parliament, but his fervour had dampened, his energy ebbed, his wit and humour departed. In a few years he returned to England, where in 1832 he died an unhappy man.

And, despite this particular political defeat, the Canadian habit of equating pro-American sentiments with disloyalty continued unabated.

Chris Raible, a frequent *Beaver* contributor and former columnist, is writing a comprehensive biography of William Lyon Mackenzie.

Et Cetera

Upper Canada: The Formative Years, 1784–1841
by Gerald M. Craig. McClelland and Stewart, Toronto, 1963.

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by Chris Raible. Curiosity House, Creemore, Ontario, 1992.

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Adapted by JOHN L. BALDERSTON • From the play by PEGGY WEBLING
Directed by JAMES WHALE

Kamloops meets Karloff

William Pratt wasn't getting much work as an actor. He decided to change his name. "Boris Karloff" sounded much more exotic.

By Jim Chliboyko

A flip of a coin decided the fate of young William Pratt. As he visited the family solicitor's office to collect money a relative had left him, Pratt had already determined that he would buy a ticket out of Dulwich, England. The coin would choose his destination: heads, Canada; tails, Australia.

It was heads. He was off to Canada.

Leaving England for Canada might have seemed an odd choice for an aspiring actor in 1909 – leaving the land of Shakespeare to cut his teeth on the stage in the colonies. He may have wanted to escape the shadow of his family: Pratt was the youngest of nine children, most of them committed to England's diplomatic corps, like their late father, who had worked extensively in India.

Billy Pratt boarded the *Empress of Britain* on May 7, in Liverpool, bound for Montreal. He had evidently set up a job for himself through the Canada Company, on a farm outside Hamilton, Ont., for a man named O'Reilly. But for Pratt, in travelling west, things quickly went south. O'Reilly had never heard of the man who arrived on his doorstep, but he took Pratt on anyway. "What a rough ride," Pratt later told biographer Cynthia Lindsay. "O'Reilly would get me out of bed with a pitchfork at four in the morning to go catch horses in the fields and bring them in."

Pratt eventually headed west, ending up in Banff. There wasn't much work there for him, nor in Vancouver, where he relegated himself to pick and shovel work. On his first day with the labour crew he showed up without having had breakfast. He was completely broke.

Chance played a role in Pratt's time in Vancouver. "That must be a Pratt!" shouted a man on the street one day. It was a family friend who then got young Pratt proper work in real estate (though the job didn't last). Another time, in the grand old Hotel Vancouver, Pratt bumped into, of all people, his brother John, returning home from his China post by way of Canada. The effect of this encounter, as well as the money John loaned him, must have bolstered the brash young Englishman, for Pratt seemed to renew his quest to find theatrical work. But Pratt ended up working again with his hands, this time for the British Columbia Electric Company.

While working with a survey party in the bush about 110 kilometres from Vancouver, Pratt received a letter from an agent. The Kamloops-based Jean Russell

COURTESY OF JACK THEAKSTON

After moving to Hollywood in 1917, and working through extra roles to minor speaking parts, Boris Karloff finally achieved his breakthrough to stardom with a poignant performance as the monster in director James Whale's *Frankenstein*. He would ride the wave of horror-film popularity until his February 1969 death.

Players (also known as the Ray Brandon Players) were looking for an experienced character actor. Pratt decided to come up with a more theatrical name and then sent off a reply. Pratt later told biographer Peter Underwood, "The company had a bad reputation and no one would join it; that's why they sent for me." And the new name? Boris came to him "out of the cold Canadian air." And the exotic-sounding Karloff had some sort of tenuous connection to his mother's side.

After his first stage role, as a banker three times the young actor's age in a Ferenc Molnar play, *The Devil*, "Boris Karloff" was both christened and outed; Pratt was completely inexperienced. But a determined actor was hard to find. As biographer Lindsay elegantly tells

William Pratt/Boris Karloff in 1912, age 24, as an actor with the Kamloops-based Jean Russell Players playing an aging banker. He performed in the company's repertory of 18 plays, touring throughout western Canada. When the company disbanded after the Regina Cyclone of 1912, Karloff then joined the St. Clair Players of Prince Albert, touring with them throughout Canada and the northern U.S. until 1916. He would later comment, "Good experience, but no money!"

it, "When the curtain went up on his performance, he was earning 30 dollars a week. When the curtain came down, he was getting 15." But he stayed with the company – until the day Regina was ripped apart.

The Players were having a decent run in Regina in the depths of the stifling summer of 1912, in spite of heavy competition, and were enjoying a day off at Wascana Lake. It was a lucky decision, for that was the afternoon the Great Cyclone tore through the young town, destroying dozens of lives and wrecking the Players' theatre.

Pratt/Karloff would tell the story of the tornado years later in the inaugural season of the CBC television show *Front Page Challenge*. The disaster claimed 28 lives, injured countless others and left about 2,500 people homeless. Pratt and his fellow actors were paid 25 cents an hour from a relief fund to set up soup stands and tents for Regina's displaced citizens. It was also the end of the Jean Russell Players, who separated soon after.

Pratt's nomadic existence continued. He got jobs where he could. Much of the labour was manual (a pattern that continued until he was almost 40). A railroad job led him to a train station, where he found an abandoned copy of *Billboard*. Inside was an ad for a position in Prince Albert with the Harry St. Clair Players, a job he would keep for a few years between excursions to the States whenever he saved enough money. The Players even ended up in Minot, North Dakota, for a year, playing in an opera house above a hardware store.

Pratt had greater luck in the States, working in Chicago for a while (which he hated). He ricocheted between gigs in touring companies, ending up in Hollywood in 1917, where he established a journeyman's career, subsisting with minor film roles, initially as an "atmosphere player," then branching out into a variety of dark, accented villains. His brooding, foreign-seeming looks ended up being useful for playing East Indians, Middle Easterners, even Chinese. Fourteen years after he arrived, director James Whale spotted the actor in a studio cafeteria and persuaded him to try out for *Frankenstein*. Pratt was 43.

Before Frankenstein, one of Pratt's main continuing roles was that of an evil French-Canadian trapper. Conscious or not, it was a backhanded nod to Pratt's formative Canadian experience.

A great chunk of Pratt's career has disappeared into the ether – not just his *Front Page Challenge* performance, but his years in theatre, too. *Frankenstein* remains, however, and children still hear that marvelous voice every year in *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*. The voice of the narrator is the same one that echoed through theatres and opera houses in Kamloops, Prince Albert, Minot and points in-between.

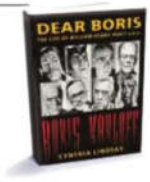
Before *Frankenstein*, one of Pratt's main continuing roles was that of an evil French-Canadian trapper. Conscious or not, it was a backhanded nod to Pratt's formative Canadian experience and the true northern birthplace of "Boris Karloff."

Jim Chliboyko is a Winnipeg-based writer, whose young children hear about Boris Karloff every year when they watch the *Grinch* together.

Et Cetera

Dear Boris, by Cynthia Lindsay.
Limelight Editions, New York, 1995.

Boris Karloff, Horror Man, by Peter Underwood.
Leslie Frewin Publishers, London, 1972.



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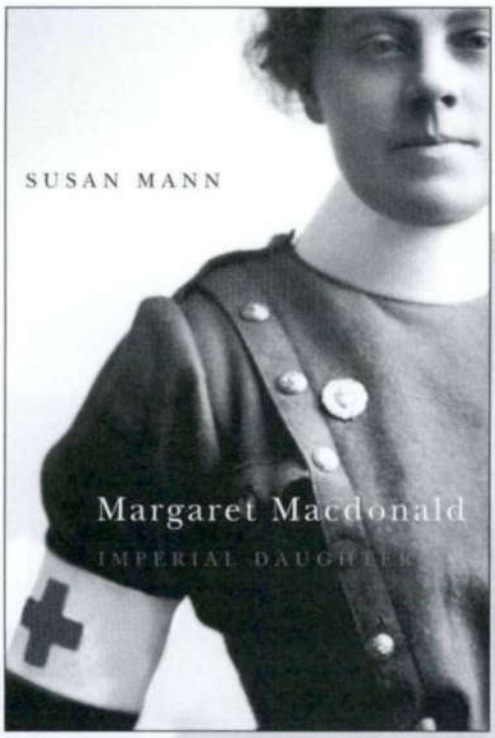

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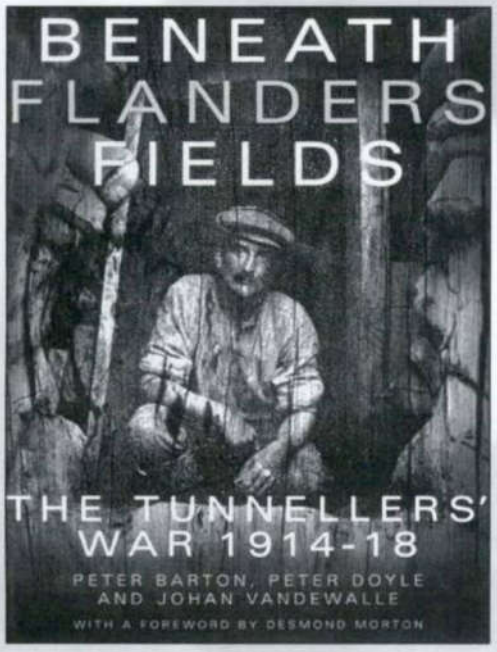
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The Price of Passion

The Church despised Freemasonry and its freethinking. Ludger Larose was an outspoken Freemason and freethinker. In 1910 Quebec, he didn't stand a chance.

By Alison Longstaff

It was shortly before midnight in Montreal. Artist and art teacher Ludger Larose had just got off the tram at the corner of Sherbrooke and Prudhomme. Four men lurked in the bushes. The command was gruff and blunt: "Hand over your possessions, or we'll blow your brains out!" Feeling the barrel of a gun on his temple, Larose complied.

The thugs relieved Larose of everything he carried: money, personal effects and a certain document that would be used to ruin Larose's career and those of many of his friends. It was the document that interested the thieves, not the money. The four were members of the *Association catholique de la jeunesse canadienne-française* (ACJC), a Catholic youth organization founded in 1903 to promote and protect the interests of the Catholic Church. Their gain would be ideological, not material.

It was April 8, 1910, and this was no ordinary, random holdup. The bandits knew where Larose lived and that he would soon pass by. They had been waiting for him. Ludger Larose was the treasurer of the Freemason's newly created lodge *L'Émancipation*. The Catholic clergy was openly hostile toward Freemasonry because they believed its propensity for free thinking might lead to organized anti-Catholic sentiment and threaten their hegemony over the French-speaking population of Quebec.

Though Freemasonry had long been present in Quebec's English-speaking Protestant community, the Catholic clergy had not perceived it as a major threat because the province's two linguistic groups had a deeply entrenched tendency to ignore each other and organize their social lives in separate institutions. Radical thinking sought refuge in discreet places; any francophone interested in Freemasonry had to associate, in secret, with the English-speaking lodges – an act that would isolate him from other French-Canadians and limit the threat to the clergy. Unwilling to take on the Anglos, the clergy had, up to that time, made no effort to eradicate the existing Freemason lodges.

But in April of 1896, a group of francophones decided to break away from the Grand Lodge of Quebec, the British Freemasonry fraternity, and form Quebec's first official French-speaking lodge, one affiliated with the overtly agnostic *Grand Orient de France*. Ludger Larose was one of the founders of this new lodge.

The name they chose for their cell is revealing: *L'Émancipation*. They wanted freedom from the rigidly hermetic control they believed the Catholic Church exercised over Quebec's French-speaking population. They believed that the Church, by refusing to let in modern thinking and democratic practices, kept the French-speaking population ignorant and unable to compete with the English population that controlled most significant commercial activities.

The Catholic clergy saw things differently. Its members

COURTESY MARCELLE DUFOUR

Ludger Larose (1868–1915), pictured here in his Montreal atelier in 1895, was a prolific painter, producing about 400 portraits, church murals, landscapes and still lifes, while also working as an art teacher.

Freemasons and Freethinking

With its roots in medieval times as an association of stonemasons who gathered for work and pleasure, Freemasonry in the 18th century took on a different cast, both in membership and purpose. Working masons yielded to gentlemen and aristocrats who found in Masonic lodges a safe haven in which to discuss the new and often radical ideas of the Enlightenment, the philosophical movement that emphasized the use of reason to examine accepted doctrines and traditions. The practical language of stonemasonry became allegorical.

The Roman Catholic Church, which had held intellectual sway over Europe for a thousand years and had become a prime target of Enlightenment critique, condemned Freemasonry in a 1738 papal bull, declaring that those who joined the fraternity were guilty of a grave sin and open to excommunication. The Church's view was that the beliefs and observances of Freemasonry were deistic or pagan and that Masonic oaths and secrecy were unlawful. Civil authorities in some countries adhered to the Church line and suppressed Freemasonry.

In the centuries since, the Church's position has not changed. Many popes have condemned the fraternity in no uncertain terms. In 1983, through the Office of the Sacred Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger reiterated that "the Church's negative judgment in regard to Masonic associations remains unchanged." The Cardinal was elected in spring of 2005 as Pope Benedict XVI.

Belief in God (or, to use Masonic allegorical language, the "Great Architect of the Universe") has been one of the fundamentals of Freemasonry, but admission has been open to adherents of all faiths since the early 18th century. Jews, for instance, were admitted in the first half of the 1700s. Some Masons in the 18th century were probably deists, however. And French Freemasons of the day, members of the *Grand Orient* lodge, hostile to both ecclesiastical and secular authorities, abolished belief in the Great Architect as a fundamental condition of membership.

Today, more of a social or service organization, Freemasonry has lost much of its revolutionary character, though it continues to excite conspiracy-theory enthusiasts. Many of society's leaders in Western nations have been, or are, Masons. Six of Canada's prime ministers, including Sir John A. Macdonald and John Diefenbaker, are claimed by Masons as their own. So, too, are such players in Canada's past and present as Joseph Brant, James Wolfe, Sanford Fleming, Robert Service, John Molson – even Tim Horton, hockey star and doughnut purveyor.

MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY, MONTREAL

Paul Napoleon Bruchési, archbishop of Montreal, publicly blacklisted members of the Masonic Lodge *L'Emancipation* listed in a document taken from Ludger Larose at gunpoint.

championed themselves as the defenders of French culture and language in Quebec. They maintained that without their efforts to preserve the traditional lifestyle organized around church and family the French-speaking population would rapidly assimilate into the English-Protestant melting pot of North America.

The significance of the founding of *L'Émancipation* was not lost on the Catholic authorities. Seeing a direct menace to their flock, the clergy upped the ante in the anti-Freemasonry campaign. Freemasonry was singled out as a propagator of atheism and reviled as a dangerous and subversively anti-Catholic influence in many otherwise legitimate organizations. The Church was ready to wage all-out war; all means were permitted. It mobilized its energies, even enlisting the youth movement within the ACJC. Anyone suspected of Masonic association was publicly denounced, immediately shrouding the person's reputation in doubt.

L'Émancipation was subject to spying and harassment. Members of the ACJC rented a room above the lodge's meeting place, drilling holes in the floorboards through which they inserted gramophone trumpets rigged with stethoscopes to listen to the proceedings. Newspapers published highly subjective accounts of the Masons' goings-on. Then, someone came up with a brilliant strategy: if the lodge's opponents could obtain an official membership list, the lodge would be exposed, shattered and incapacitated. It is here that a certain A.-J. Lemieux emerged as the "saviour" of his besieged church.

Who enlisted Lemieux is unclear. He was known as a Catholic activist associated with the ACJC, and scholars presume that he must have had powerful support, most likely from Catholic authorities. What is clear is that he and three others from the ACJC attacked Ludger Larose as he was coming home from a lodge meeting, figuring that as lodge secretary he would be carrying important documents. Larose knew a church-

STEPHANE POULIN FOR THE BEAVER

The Masonic Memorial Temple in Montreal, headquarters of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, was designed by Scottish-born architect John Smith Archibald, best known for his baronial railway hotels, such as Château Laurier in Ottawa.

To minimize the defence's tactics of making the culprits look righteous and the victim look shady, Judge Joseph Lavergne told the jury that if a religion had to use violence to impose itself, it was of no use to call itself Christian.

sponsored movement was in place to crush the lodge, and had always acted cautiously, but he probably never imagined a violent, personal attack. As the bandits ran off with their booty, one can easily picture Larose, deeply shaken by the violence, slowly coming to the realization that something very damning had slipped into the hands of strangers.

He immediately alerted the police and reported the theft, but the deposition attests that he knew better than to mention the stolen membership list. Lodge members were promptly notified; not surprisingly, they had no illusions about the probable outcome. A few days after the attack, one Freemason commented in a letter to the *Grand Orient de France*: "They will doubtlessly publish the list. Probably many of us will lose our jobs." On June 13, 1910, *L'Émancipation* members held an emergency meeting and decided to dissolve the lodge and burn all their documents. Exposed and helpless, they knew they had no one to defend them against the wrath of the clergy.

Their worst fears were soon confirmed. After the attack, Lemieux took the stolen document to the Jesuits at the *Collège Sainte-Marie*, where it was copied. A month later, a 32-page brochure entitled *La Loge l'Émancipation* was published. It was written by A.-J. Lemieux. Emboldened by his success, Lemieux went on a speaking tour, bragging to audiences about the blow he had dealt to one of Catholicism's worst enemies.

Lemieux's brochure contained dated reports gleaned from listening in on the Freemasons' meetings beginning in early October 1909, and included contrived tales of conspiracy. The list of members completed the package. Hard as it may be to imagine today, this involuntary "coming out" was like a bomb that blew up in the faces of the lodge members, ruining the professional lives of many of those named. Larose, for instance, married and father of three, received a dismissal letter from the Catholic School Board, his employer for 16 years.

MUSÉE NATIONAL DES BEAUX-ARTS DU QUÉBEC

***Jeanne au piano*, 1907, oil on canvas by Ludger Larose.**

Most of the others named in the brochure shared similar fates. Monsignor Paul Bruchési, the powerful, staunchly conservative archbishop of Montreal, publicly blacklisted them. In July, the City of Montreal even ordered a public inquiry into the possibility of a Masonic conspiracy at City Hall. In September, the Catholic School Board started an inquiry into its own personnel.

Larose must have toyed with the idea of letting such a formidable enemy have its way. But he bravely, if not foolishly, pressed on. He laid charges against Lemieux, whom he had been able to identify when he overheard Lemieux in a bookstore crowing about the feat that had enabled him to publish his brochure. Perhaps Larose felt he had nothing left to lose. Perhaps he was convinced that if he stood up to the Church, it would back down to save face. Probably he thought that whoever was behind the attack, the Canadian justice system would have no choice but to condemn the perpetrators for their crime. After all, he had been robbed at gunpoint, and the thieves openly admitted to it.

Whatever the reason for his courage, Larose laid charges. The trial was set for March 1911.

The King vs A.-J. Lemieux was an early 20th-century media event. At least 10 newspapers reported on the case. Lemieux and his three accomplices did not even deny the charges. We did it, they said, to defend our faith and to ward off the evil influence of Freemasonry that threatens the very existence of organized Catholicism.

There was a four-day trial. When Ludger Larose took the stand he was turned into the culprit, questioned at length about his beliefs and his Masonic activities. Past brushes with the law, including an 1895 accusation of falsifying his signature, were introduced. His refusal to divulge his beliefs or the activities of *L'Émancipation* were used to make him out as the kind of dangerous, secretive schemer the Freemasons were reputed to be.

To minimize the defence's tactics of making the culprits look righteous and the victim look shady, Judge Joseph Lavergne told the jury that if a religion had to use violence to impose itself, it was of no use to call itself Christian, and that faith imposed by force was of no value. There was no way, he said, that this act of violence could be sanctioned because its perpetrators wanted to protect their religion. He even charged the jury, 12 men of French Canadian origin: "You must judge according to the proof; you can come back with no verdict but that of guilty."

The judge might as well have stayed silent. After a day's deliberation, the verdict was delivered March 28, 1911. Larose's diary entry is laconic: "This morning the jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, despite the strict orders of the judge, despite the weight of the proof and the testimony of the three other thieves."

The liberal press was outraged, calling Lemieux's acquittal "an excusal of armed robbery." *Le Pays* fumed, "New morals now permit you to rob people and knock them out whenever it may please you." The Catholic Church was pleased with the verdict. Empowered by its victory, it went on crushing opposition for the next 50 years, until it could no longer contain the wave of dissent coming from a society tired of being bullied into submission.

One lodge had been destroyed but Freemasonry had not. However, survival of francophone lodges would become increasingly difficult. Many of the Freemasons from the defunct *L'Émancipation* lodge did go on to frequent *Force et courage*, a francophone lodge founded in 1909 and affiliated with the vilified *Grand Orient de France*.

Under constant attack from the Catholic church, which grossly and noisily exaggerated the Masonic peril in its midst, and isolated from other lodges, *Force et courage* was left standing alone. It registered fewer than 80 members in its 25 years of existence. In an atmosphere of hostile antagonism, even persecution, very few francophones dared face the danger of overtly or covertly associating with *Force et courage*. Ultimately, this lodge too, as much a champion of freedom and democracy as *L'Émancipation* had been, remained marginal, unable to influence public opinion. Freemasonry among francophones would remain underground.

Ludger Larose didn't wallow in despair. His diary reveals no palpable bitterness about the turn his life had taken. Suddenly unemployed, he seems to have had little difficulty making ends meet; he was soon involved in various business ventures. In 1912, he was able to get back into teaching, this time as an art teacher with the Protestant English-language school board. This, however, meant that the apostle for modernization for French Canada found himself working only with youths in the English-speaking community, banished from the Catholic school system where he would have been able to promote his progressive ideas to the next generation of French Canadians.

Alison Longstaff is a teacher and writer in Trois-Rivières, Quebec. She wrote her master's thesis on Ludger Larose and is continuing doctoral studies on the subject.

Cooking with Nellie

For thousands of 20th-century brides, the *Canadian Cook Book*, the country's first mass-produced book of recipes, unlocked the mysteries of domestic science.

by Susan Goldenberg

When minister Lorne Pierce became editor of the publishing arm of the United Church of Canada, he faced a steep challenge. The Ryerson Press, founded in 1829, was one of the country's oldest book publishing ventures, but in 1920 it was in deep trouble financially.

"It was virtually at a standstill," according to *The Ryerson Imprint*, a history of the firm published in 1954. "The Press had contracts with the Ontario government for printing text books and nothing more. New publishing houses were springing up, some of them founded by former employees."

Pierce's survival strategy was based primarily on conventional Canadiana: biographies, history, art books. But it was one bit of serendipity or outright publishing genius

HULTON ARCHIVES

Nellie Lyle Pattinson (1878–1953) was director of domestic science at Toronto's Central Technical School when she was asked by the struggling Ryerson Press to edit a new Canadian book of recipes. The *Canadian Cook Book*, which went through 20 printings between 1923 and 1951, saved the press from insolvency, sparked changes in the role of women, and helped foster Canada's national identity.

TORONTO DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD MUSEUM & ARCHIVES

> "There were few chicken recipes because chicken was expensive. Cookies were listed under small cakes; the term 'cookie' was used in the United States. Pickling and chili sauces were very Canadian. They brightened up winter meals."

that saved the company. Pierce committed to creating the *Canadian Cook Book*, which he felt would tap into increasing nationalism with its emphasis on Canadian products. It quickly became a bestseller and remained so for decades.

In 1951, after a phenomenal 20 printings, Pierce still wouldn't take credit. "No one knows whether a book is a sure-fire proposition or not," he said modestly.

To edit the book, Pierce chose culinary whiz Nellie Lyle Pattinson. Pierce was certain she was tailor-made for the project. Born Oct. 24, 1878, in Bowmanville, 60 kilometres east of Toronto, Pattinson graduated from the University of Toronto's household science course in 1907. She was a "physiological chemistry" instructor there until 1915, when she was hired to teach at Toronto's new Central Technical School, one of Canada's first technical schools. With Annie Laird, the first household science principal at U of T, Pattinson authored a 1917 book of recipes developed at Central Tech. In 1920 she became the school's director of domestic science.

In that era, women had to choose between career and marriage. Pattinson was single. Teachers' salaries were low (and lower for women than men) but book royalties helped her buy a house on an upper-middle-class street. She belonged to the Garden Club of Ontario and the Rose Society of Ontario. Quaker Oats briefly had her endorse its cake flour, and an annual award in her name was presented to female Ontario College of Education students intending to teach home economics. Pattinson was clearly a leading professional in her field.

Historians hail the *Canadian Cook Book* as a landmark. Lorne Bruce, head of archival and special collections at the University of Guelph, which houses Canada's foremost archival cookbook collection, says: "It was Canada's first mass-produced cookbook, emphasized nutrition, [reflected] the pre-World War I development of household science economics courses, which combined arranging menus, home administration, budgeting, finance, and efficiency with cooking and serving, and … the postwar liberation of women through related workplace positions. Using 'Canadian' was inspired, tying it to Canada's growing independence from England."

Elizabeth Driver is Canada's leading cookbook historian and author of *Culinary Landmarks: A Bibliography of Canadian Cook Books 1825–1949*. She too cited Pattinson's book as very modern for its time.

"It was the first to secure a place nationwide in English-language home economics classes, and reflected society's belief that a woman's role was to nurture the family with good nutrition and a clean home. Its large-quantities chapter reflected social life revolving around church suppers and large family gatherings. It was right up to date with diabetic recipes; insulin had been developed just two years before. Its invalid food section was vital since most nursing was then done in the home."

Says Margaret Fraser, coauthor of *A Century of Canadian Home Cooking: 1900 Through The '90s*, "It replaced 'a handful of this' passed from generation to generation with properly tested recipes and accurate measurements."

The content was truly Canadian. "Canada did not import American flour but made its own," explains Jill Snider, economist at flour producer Robin Hood Multifoods. "Because our superior hard winter wheat contained more gluten, Canadian recipes had to be tenderized with more liquid and fat [butter, lard, shortening] and leavened with baking powder. Both countries had all-purpose flour – Robin Hood since 1927 – but unlike today, it was not presifted. Also, Canadians used less sugar since they had less of a sweet tooth than Americans."

Cookbook historian Driver added: "There were few chicken recipes because chicken was expensive. Cook-

ies were listed under small cakes; the term 'cookie' was used in the United States. Pickling and chili sauces were very Canadian; they brightened up winter meals as there were no [imported] fresh vegetables then. Every child learned how to make milk pudding; milk was considered essential for children and the recipe was easy to memorize."

In the early 1950s Ryerson Press decided the cookbook should be updated to reflect modern times. Then in her 70s, Pattinson didn't want the arduous chore. She hoped a great-niece or other relative would take it on, but they were not interested.

Ryerson chose two replacements – Helen Wattie, an acquaintance of a Ryerson book salesman, and Elinor Donaldson, proposed by a childhood playmate of her mother, who had become a home economics school inspector.

Wattie was born in 1911 in Bracebridge, Ontario. She taught home economics in St. Catharines and Kirkland Lake, and in 1950 became head of the new home economics department at Ryerson Institute of Technology (later named Ryerson Polytechnical Institute, now Ryerson University). Donaldson was born in 1926 in Windsor and grew up in Toronto. She taught at Ryerson in 1952 and '53, then at Kapuskasing, Ontario.

Wattie, now 94, lives in a Toronto retirement lodge. Beautifully coiffed and smartly dressed in a green pantsuit, she had prepared notes for our interview. Donaldson, now Elinor Whyte, lives in St. Lambert, a Montreal suburb. Equally organized, she also prepared notes in addition to a telephone interview.

Fifty years have passed since the single occasion they met Pattinson, but they remember it vividly: "She wore a beautiful silver-grey suit with black velvet and was a lady in every way," Wattie recalls. "She said of our revision, 'It's not what I would have done but times change and I'm pleased'." Whyte added: "She was a very gracious lady. She said, 'You're adopting my baby'."

Pattinson died of a stroke in April 1953; the revision was published later that year.

From then on, the title was *Nellie Lyle Pattinson's Canadian Cook Book*, capitalizing on her reputation. The famous blue binding was ended and a colourful jacket added. Previously there had been few illustrations, all black and white, primarily diagrams of cuts of meat. The revision matched competitors with colour food photos. To reflect modern trends, chapters on appetizers, pressure cooking and freezing were added. So were regional dishes and ethnic foods, reflecting Canada's increasing multiculturalism.

"Young men back from the battlefields in Europe wanted such exotic foods as pizza, which Miss Pattinson had never heard of," Wattie recalls.

The number of chicken recipes went from just 5 in early editions to 35 in 1977, rice recipes from 8 to 34 and cookies from 38 to 61. Emphasis was placed on economy (powdered rather than liquid milk, cookie crumbs to decorate parfaits or for pie crusts) and nutrition (peanut butter, dried peas and cottage cheese as alternatives to meat, fish and poultry.) Later editions were expanded. The last, in 1991, contained 1,400 recipes, and cost $24.50.

Wattie and Whyte contributed family recipes. Wattie's most unusual was derived from a trip her father made to northern Ontario – moose cubes cooked in water or wine with noodles, chopped olives or pimento. Whyte provided her mother's "Butterscotch Jiffy Pudding" and her own chili relish.

"One year we made multiple batches and had to use the bathtub when we ran out of crocks," Whyte laughingly recalls.

Sales remained strong. "It still sells about 10,000 copies annually," the *Globe and Mail* reported in 1963. (A best seller in Canada is 3,000 copies.) In 1979 it was Toronto's third top-selling cookbook after *The Joy of Cooking* and *Better Homes and Gardens New Cook Book*, both American.

When McGraw-Hill Canada acquired Ryerson Press in 1970, it continued publishing the cookbook. But by the 1990s the book's broad scope was considered quaint in an era of specialty cookbooks, and it was discontinued.

"Quick mixes, take-outs, and ever-changing fads have made basic cookbooks less necessary," Whyte says.

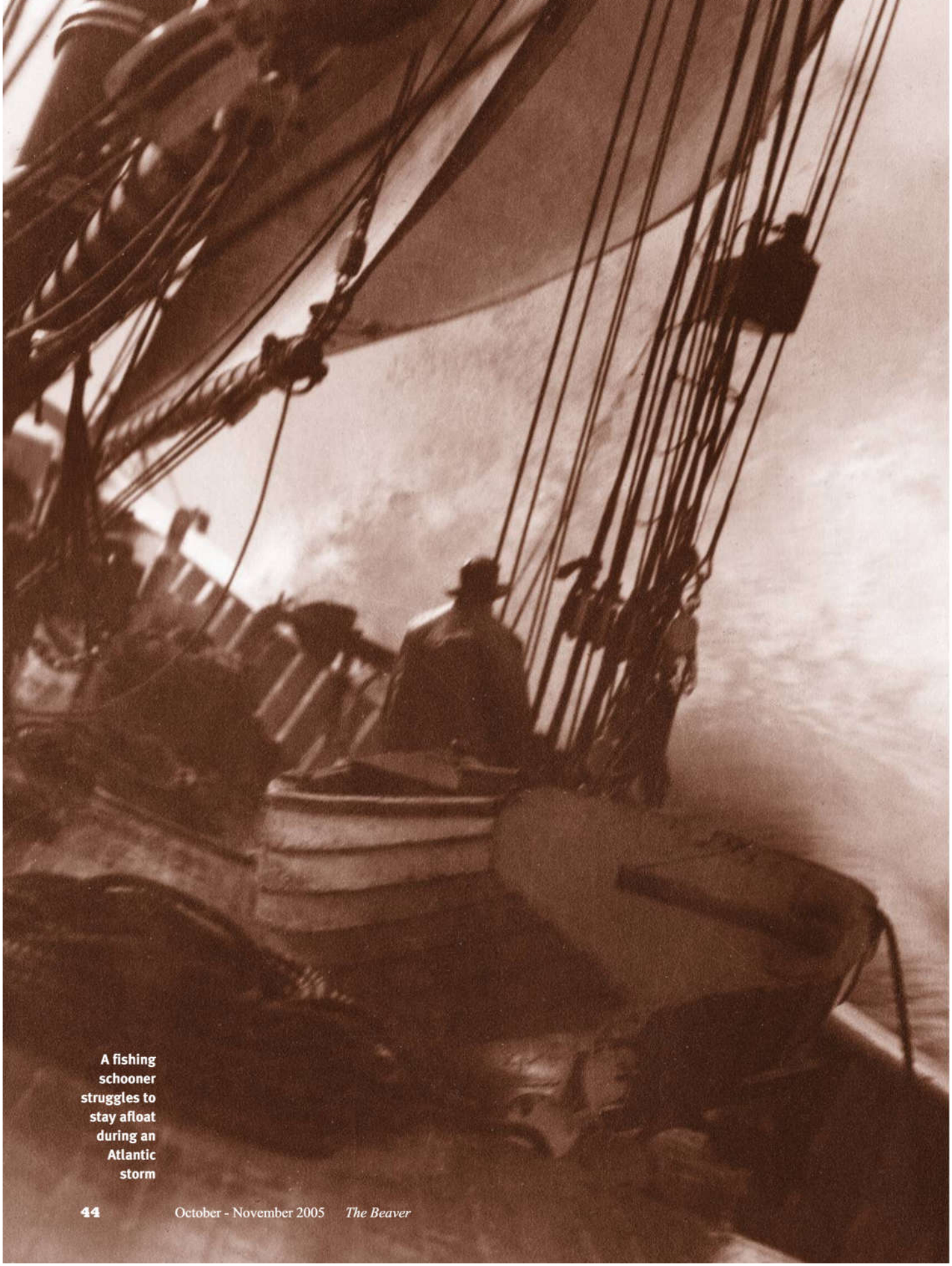
But many households, ours included, still own well-worn copies fondly handed down from generation to generation.

Susan Goldenberg is the author of several books, including *Snatched! The Peculiar Kidnapping of Beer Tycoon John Labatt*, published by Dundurn Press (2004).

CHOCOLATE CAKE

1/3 c. butter.	2 c. flour.
2 c. brown sugar.	1 t. baking soda.
2 eggs.	1/4 t. salt.
1/2 c. grated chocolate.	1/2 t. vanilla.
1/2 c. boiling water.	

1. Cream the butter, add sugar slowly.
2. Add eggs, beaten very light.
3. Melt chocolate over hot water; add boiling water and mix smooth.
4. Sift in flour, soda and salt.
5. Add vanilla.
6. Pour into buttered pan.
7. Bake in slow oven 40 to 50 mins. Temperature 300 to 325 degrees F.



A fishing schooner struggles to stay afloat during an Atlantic storm

The Labrador Disaster

Merciless winds whipped the Labrador coast 120 years ago destroying lives and livelihoods and triggering calamity for Newfoundland.

by Maura Hanrahan

The schooner *Forest Fairy* limped into Trinity, Newfoundland, on a mild October day, bringing news of terrible weather "on the Labrador." Her captain reported that 16 ships were wrecked in a gale that had lasted three days, with at least five people dead. The hold of the *Forest Fairy* was loaded with exhausted survivors, many bloodied and bruised. Those who knew the Labrador Sea at that time of year instantly realized the captain's tale was a hint of what was to come. But even the wisest among them could not foretell the toll the storm of 1885 would take.

The fisheries of Conception, Trinity and Bonavista bays in Newfoundland were already crowded by the 1830s. After 1814, local fishermen could not establish themselves on "the French Shore" (further up the island's northeast coast) as the Treaty of Paris had returned its fishing to France. So, every summer, they took their wives, children, goats, hens, dories and punts, salts, nets and wheelbarrows to Labrador. They had "stations" in hundreds of coves and inlets along what was then called the Eskimo Coast, at Triangle, Battle Harbour, Venison Tickle, Domino, Turnavik and elsewhere.

The northward journey lasted a week or two, depending on fog, winds and swells. For some, it was an adventure. But for many, it was hellish. To prevent them being swept overboard, women and children were largely confined to dark, fetid holds, blocked with puncheons, casks and small boats. William Gosling, a Bermudan who became mayor of St. John's, wrote that under such circumstances, "Decency is impossible and vice is flagrant." The St. John's *Evening Mercury* proclaimed that this "blot on Christianity and civilization [left] promising lives blighted and peace destroyed in many homes." The *Mercury* called for proper regulations and enforcement. *True Witness*, a Montreal periodical, noted that in the holds, there is "much fighting and annoying singing that means no peace."

Once the stationers reached the Labrador coast, tiny harbours and coves turned into small cities, their waters chock-a-block with schooners, brigs and steamers, the land covered in summer tilts. In addition to the Newfoundland vessels, by far the largest in number, ships flew the flags of Britain, the United States and, in later years, Canada. These were "floaters," migratory vessels that went from one fishing ground to another.

SHERMAN HINES MUSEUM OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Fishermen from Newfoundland travelled to Labrador annually to make their money, turning small communities into bustling fishing grounds during the summer.

MARITIME HISTORY ARCHIVE, MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

The Labrador fishery was always precarious. The season was much shorter than on the island and the fish inferior in quality. The stationers couldn't count on good weather for drying fish.

The Newfoundland fishermen, and the few who called Labrador home year-round, caught cod to be cured onshore, mostly by their wives. Then the big firms of St. John's, Harbour Grace and Carbonear – Baine, Johnston; John Munn & Co.; John Rorke & Sons; and others – collected the fish and exported it in their fine ships to Europe and the hot countries of the Caribbean. Of this foreign trade, Newfoundland parliamentarian Robert Parsons proclaimed: "Our argosies whiten every sea."

But the Labrador fishery was always precarious. The season was much shorter than on the island and the fish inferior in quality. The stationers couldn't count on good weather for drying fish. But the merchants grew rich from the venture, in combination with other fisheries and the spring seal hunt. The stationers, however, did not eat off fine china or import dresses from New York or read the latest books from London, as the Rorkes and Munns did. They could end up in debt to their suppliers at the end of the season if the catch was bad, as it frequently was. *True Witness* termed the fishermen and their wives "the white slaves of Labrador."

On Sunday, Oct. 11, 1885, dozens of schooners were at anchor in Labrador ports, about to start the voyage home. *The Release*, captained by Richard Hayden, waited at Hant's Harbour on the White Bear Islands in northern Labrador. The vessel carried Matthew Kelloway, his wife, their three sons, and their "shipped girl," 13-year-old Georgia O'Neill,* who was there as a cook and helper. They had spent the summer fishing out of their dory and had 30 barrels of cured fish aboard.

* The name of the Kelloways' shipped girl has been lost to history so I have given her a name appropriate to the time and place.

At dawn, the winds suddenly picked up hard from the southeast. The big Labrador sky blackened and clouds hung low, as if they would drop down to the earth. Huge black-back gulls perched on boulders in the landwash and tucked their faces into their chests against the coming gale. The yellowlegs and plovers that run frenetically on the beaches disappeared.

All through the day and night, Captain Hayden tried to ride out the storm at anchor. Others did the same, including the *Hope* nearby. Both were owned by John Munn & Co., the largest mercantile house in Newfoundland. That year, proprietor Robert Munn, the founder's nephew, sent 97 ships to the Labrador fishery. His firm supplied or employed more than 10,000 people, many of them year-round, in the Munn factories, making prize-winning cod and sealskin products.

On Monday morning, Oct. 12, Captain Hayden ordered the crew to cut the *Release*'s spars away and open the hatch. Women and children spilled out, ice pellets raining on their heads, fierce winds making their voices inaudible. Georgia asked Matthew Kelloway to save her, since her own mother and father were so far away. Kelloway told her, "Child, if my life is saved, so shall yours be."

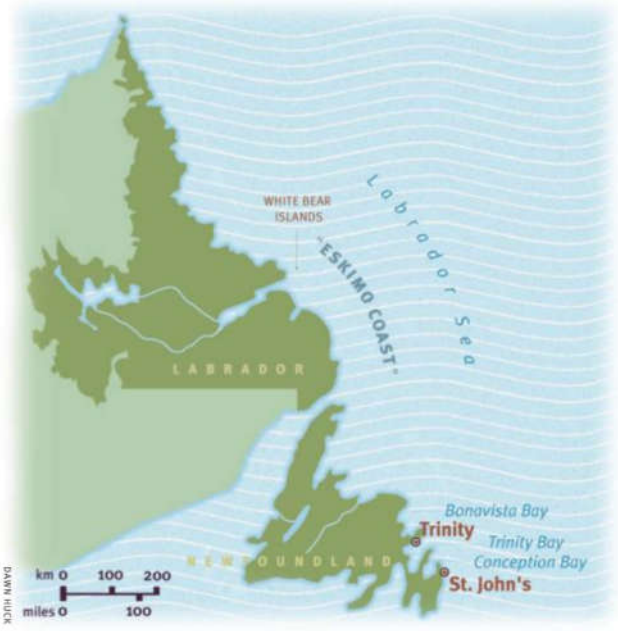
Suddenly the *Release* capsized, breaking into three pieces. Matthew Kelloway washed up on the rocky shore, girl in his arms. He dropped her and searched frantically till he found his wife and children. When he returned to the girl he had saved, he learned she was not Georgia. Twenty-five people from the *Release* would not be returning to Newfoundland that fall. Georgia's was one of six bodies not recovered.

Next, a massive wave overrode the *Hope*. Sixteen of her crew and passengers perished. Another life was lost when the *Gleaner* was wrecked at Mark's Harbour. At Domino, the *Village Belle*, an English ship leased by Goodridge & Sons, one of the big Newfoundland firms, sank with about a dozen hands lost and only one saved. Thousands of survivors huddled in summer shacks, wet and cold and hungry, waiting for the gale to stop its punishment. Late Tuesday night, it finally calmed, but 66 ships were wrecked and 72 people dead.

Captain William Bartlett stuffed more than 400 stationers into the hold of his steamer, the *Panther*, and carried them back to St. John's. He was forced to leave many more on the coast. The barquentine *Nelly* pulled up to the S. March & Sons wharf in St. John's with 240 survivors on board. Boys wearing slings, women with heads bandaged and men with bruises on their forearms walked down the gangways. The merchants, politicians and other citizens of St. John's watched the procession in silence.

The hardest hit firm was John Munn & Co. The Harbour Grace company lost 10 schooners: the *Hope* and the *Release*, the *A.M. Branditt, Guiding Star, North Star, Petrel, Racer, Rival, Scout* and the *Sisters*. Although insurance covered some of the losses, the storm of 1885 delivered a body blow to the firm. The years that followed were hard, especially for Munn. Norwegian competition put a huge dent in Newfoundland's foreign fish markets, as did France's subsidized product, and Robert Munn, like the other merchants, relied heavily on credit.

Nine years later, headlines screamed that the Union and Commercial Banks had crashed. These banks held most of Newfoundland's currency. Newfoundland's prime minister, Augustus Goodridge, resigned and a caretaker government was appointed. John Munn & Co. was only one of the dozens of firms to close.



With the local banks neutered, Canadian banks set up in Newfoundland and Canadian currency was accepted. Over the next few months, Britain tried to push Newfoundland into Confederation with Canada, but the island resisted. Wealthy Newfoundlander Sir Robert Bond, who would become prime minister, secured Newfoundland's finances using his own money as collateral. The crisis passed and Newfoundland remained self-governing for decades more, not joining Canada until 1949.

Bonds's rescue was too late for some. Less than a week after the bank crash, Robert Munn died at 65 of a heart attack. And Matthew Kelloway could not speak of the Labrador disaster without breaking down in mourning for his failure to save his shipped girl.

Maura Hanrahan is the author of *Tsunami: the Newfoundland Tidal Wave Disaster* (2004), published by Flanker Press. *Domino: Hurricane on the Labrador Coast* is scheduled for publication in 2006.

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Reviews

Prisoners of the North
by Pierre Berton
Anchor Canada, 2005
336 pp., $24.95 paper

NORTHERN REQUIEM

When renowned Canadian historian and cultural icon Pierre Berton died in November 2004 at age 84, we were reminded of just how vast a legacy he left. His 50th and final book, *Prisoners of the North*, is a fitting and important swan song. Published only weeks before Berton's death, this study of five of northern Canada's unrepentantly unique figures is ample testimony that his abilities as a historian and compulsive storyteller remained fresh and marvellously undiminished to the end.

Every known superlative to describe mastery of the interpretation and writing of popular history has been applied to the monumentally prolific Berton. His landmark work, *Klondike* (1958), brought the Yukon son worldwide fame. As his life ebbed away, Berton returned to his beloved North for one last joyful journey of historical examination in *Prisoners of the North*. The exploits of five controversial and daring characters who were captivated – imprisoned – by the allure of the North is the absorbing result.

First to greet the reader is Joe Boyle, a wildly successful, Woodstock, Ontario-born gold prospector. He used his fortune to finance a machine-gun battery comprised of Yukon men to go overseas during the First World War. Boyle fought Bolsheviks, intrigued Trotsky and, in rescuing Romania from the German army, won the romantic love of its Queen Marie.

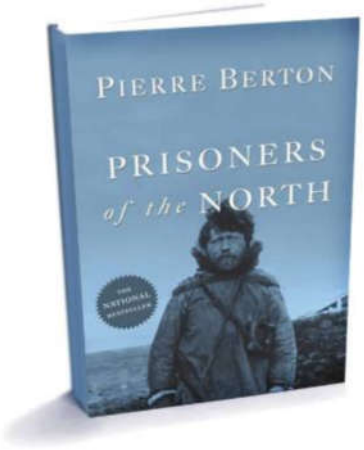
Next is explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who lived with the Inuit and who declared that he had discovered "blond Eskimos." Stefansson's outrageous claim provoked such indignation and controversy that the intrepid northerner wore its yoke ever afterward.

Berton chronicled the obsessive and ultimately fatal determination of English émigré John Hornby with obvious relish. Hornby was a peripatetic adventurer who wanted to live, at any physical or psychological cost, in the vast Barren Ground. He enticed two young countrymen to join him, but was so hopelessly incapable of planning ahead that all three died from starvation.

Lady Jane Franklin is depicted, rightly so, as perhaps more determined than the men. She certainly was more of an explorer than her husband, Sir John Franklin. When he and his crew disappeared while searching for the Northwest Passage, Lady Franklin mounted an extraordinarily expensive, ruthless, but futile campaign to find him.

Berton saved the portrayal of perhaps his favourite northerner for the last chapter. Robert Service had danced with Berton's mother, Laura, in Dawson City, Yukon, prior to her marriage. He was then a bank clerk who wrote poetry in his spare time. Exasperatingly modest but possessed of a quiet charm, Service became a worldwide celebrity and best-selling poet.

Throughout his analysis of why these disparate, yet similarly focused, individualists were drawn to the North, Berton unfailingly, and with great nuance, lavishes them with complexity and depth. He asserts, "They were all loners, impatient of authority, contemptuous of regulations, driven by a romantic wanderlust that set them apart from the run-of-the-mill existence on which they so often turned their



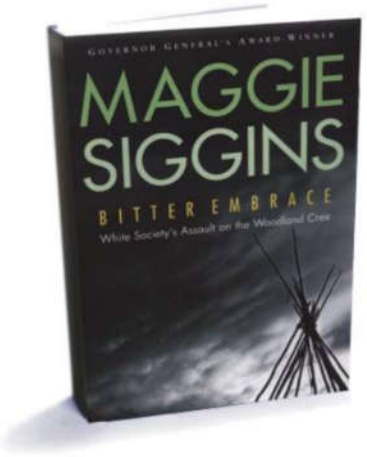
backs." The fixation on accomplishing their goals at any cost caused Hornby to lose his life, Service to surrender his anonymity and Franklin to go to her grave without finding her husband.

While Berton's memories and insights into life in the North are noteworthy gems of memoir, his liberal use of them throughout may be distracting to some readers. Perhaps they would have been best left in his two-volume autobiography. To others, these diversions detract little. *Prisoners of the North* does not always chart new ground in the retelling of its subjects' remarkable lives: its strength lies in Berton's masterful use of previously unpublished archival material, his insightful, vivid interpretation and the invaluable distillation of decades of research and study of his "Northern hostages."

Reviewed by **John Richthammer**, a Winnipeg archivist who spent several years in the Yukon. Pierre Berton was his mentor.

Bitter Embrace: White Society's Assault on the Woodland Cree
by Maggie Siggins
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2005
303 pp., $37.99 hardcover

VICTIMHOOD



The story is old and extremely familiar – the native people of Canada living in harmony with nature, the young people flirting with one another, the men painting pictographs to record their proud history, the women venerating their elders, singing songs and, according to Maggie Siggins in *Bitter Embrace*, "decorating bags, belts, moccasins, coats and head bands with richly intricate emblematic designs" – in short, a peaceful band of roving hippies with a fondness for the arts and crafts. All of this changes with the arrival of "white people," or what Siggins calls "the Bridgit Bardots of the world." These people, she informs us, often wear "Anglo Saxon blinkers" – the assumption being that the author has managed to take her own blinkers off long ago.

According to the jacket copy, *Bitter Embrace* is about a trusted Flin Flon

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lawyer who sexually abused young Cree men on a reserve northeast of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. There is something depressing about the jacket text, as if First Nations people are only worth writing and reading about once they have been sexually mistreated.

In fairness to Siggins, she abandons this storyline immediately and launches instead into a brisk overview of Cree history, which includes an uncomfortable attempt to position the Cree as vaguely superior to other First Nations.

The history is not without interest, and the author succeeds best at the anecdotal level. My favourite is her description of the arrival of radio to Pelican Narrows in 1936: two native men with headphones on, trying to decipher the dreadful reception, arguing over whether the song they're listening to is *Annie Laurie*, or *The Lost Rose of Summer.*

This Cree history is abruptly abandoned in favour of a lengthy account of relations between the Oblate priests and the Hudson's Bay Company factors who run afoul of each other over the fur trade. This story, too, has its fascinations, although what it has to do with the now-forgotten lawyer convicted of abusing young native men is never made clear.

Throughout *Bitter Embrace* the author gives the impression of having discovered for the first time that injustices have been and continue to be perpetrated on the aboriginal people of Canada.

This comes as a shock to her and probably it should, but it also causes *Bitter Embrace* to be marred by a smug and sophomoric indignation over just about everything (white people were allowed to inspect their roast beef before buying it, but some Cree were not). In an age when indignation is the main staple of journalism, writers, especially the writers of books, need to be careful about how much more of this they choose to ladle out.

The unquestioned assumption of *Bitter Embrace* and many books like it is that cultural transformation is a one-way street, rigorously imposed on passive, helpless Indians by "Brigit Bardot types," and anyone else wearing "Anglo Saxon blinkers." The intention is usually good, but finally frustrating and misleading.

The insistence on victimhood denies the Cree any agency at all; the astounding First Nations ability to adapt, to transform, to reinvigorate, to survive and overcome, even to forgive, is entirely ignored. Along with it vanishes any exploration of how First Nation culture changed, and continues to change, the dominant Canadian one – from canoes to kayaks, to moccasins, to the price of cigarettes, even to the National Lacrosse League. This is arguably the greatest of Canadian stories. Unfortunately in *Bitter Embrace* we once again encounter the native as passive victim – and little else.

Reviewed by **Peter Unwin**, author of *The Wolf's Head: Writing Lake Superior*, and a frequent contributor to *The Beaver*.

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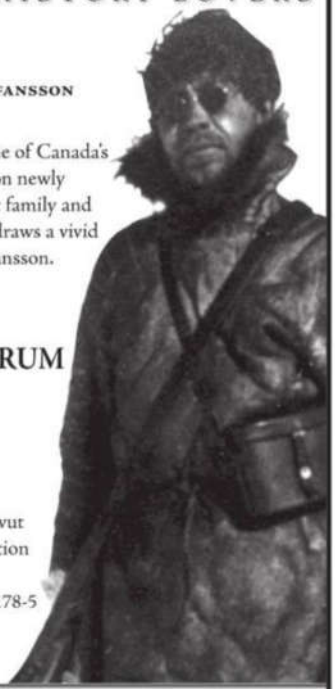

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MORE BOOKS

The Encyclopedia of Canadian Organized Crime.
by Peter Edwards and Michel Auger.
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2004.
272 pp., illus., $29.99 paper

Peace, order, and good government is the Canadian mantra, but apparently some people, many of them Canadians, aren't chanting it, and haven't been for some time. Crime reporters Peter Edwards and Michel Auger have managed to compile an alphabetical listing of over 300

men and women who in an organized way have attempted to rob, cheat and sometimes kill Canadians all in the name of their own, often pathological, self-interest. Curiously, many of them have nicknames. Of course, "spin" sometimes enters the authors' assessments, which adds to the fun. Pierre Radisson, whose machinations led to the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company, for example, is entered under the title "Fur Trading Double Crosser." Funny to have him sharing pages with Vincenzo "Vic the Egg" Cotroni, head of the Montreal Mob, but "non-law-abiding" can be a matter of historical perspective. There's lots of other bad'uns, too – pirates, rum-runners, kidnappers, drug-dealers, even Harry Alonzo Longabaugh, better known as the Sundance Kid, who seemed nice enough in the movie. Guaranteed to entertain and inform.

The Bar U: Canadian Ranching History.
by Simon M. Evans
University of Calgary Press, Calgary, 2004.
376 pp., illus., $34.95 paper

"Some Ranch!" wrote the Prince of Wales in the visitors' book at the Bar U Ranch during his 1919 visit to Canada. Some ranch it still is – one of the most famous ranches in Canada, and today a national historic site, based on its size (150,000 acres), longevity (nearly 125 years) and its association with remarkable people (Fred Stimson, George Lane, Pat Burns, the latter two co-founders of the Calgary Stampede) who helped develop the Canadian cattle business and build the Canadian West. In his exhaustive treatment, University of Calgary geography adjunct professor Simon Evans draws on a wide range of sources, including local and oral histories, to paint a portrait of a working ranch in its prime and set it in the context of the larger world of the western ranching economy.

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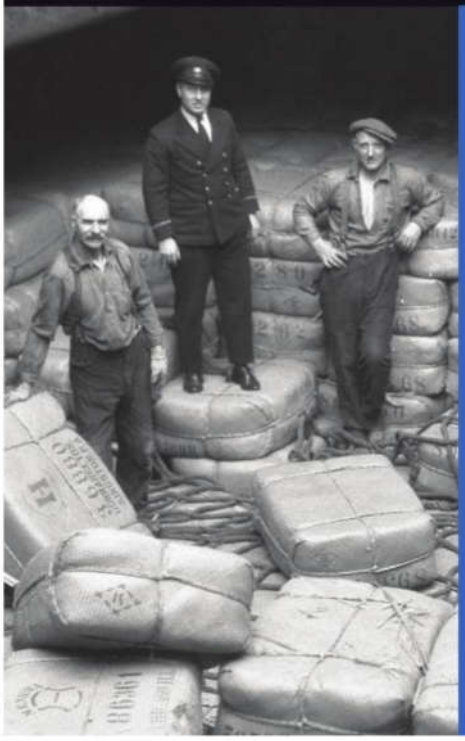

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BY CAROL BISHOP

Christopher Moore

The West Muscles In, 1905

How a backbench eruption empowered Alberta and Saskatchewan.

UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES

The premier who might have been: Sir Frederick Haultain (1857-1942) led the faction demanding Responsible Government, but was shut out of leading either Alberta or Saskatchewan.

The centennials that Alberta and Saskatchewan celebrated in September were actually a couple of months late. When Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier announced the creation of two new provinces early in 1905, he declared their birthday would be July 1, not Sept. 1. The causes of the delay cast light on the enduring issue of the West's power within the confederation.

Provincehood marked the culmination of a not very edifying process. Canada's early 19th-century political thinkers – Étienne Parent, Joseph Howe, Robert Baldwin, Louis-Hyppolyte Lafontaine – had established the great principle that citizens, even colonial citizens, had a right to governments accountable to legislatures that represented them. But when those men's heirs, governing Canada later in the century, acquired what was then the North-West Territories they imitated the worst traits of autocratic colonizers.

Ottawa provided Canadians living in the Territories with no representation at all in the House of Commons until 1886. The territorial government remained firmly under the thumb of Ottawa officials for more than a decade after that. Only in 1897, after years of campaigning by western statesman Frederick Haultain, a pioneer lawyer from Fort Macleod, did Ottawa accept the principle (familiar to the eastern provinces since the 1840s) that the territorial government must answer to the people's elected representatives.

After that, surging immigration made it only a matter of time before the region built up a population and economy large enough to sustain provincial status.

There's a legend that in 1905 Ottawa made two provinces instead of one (the preference of territorial premier Haultain) in a plot to keep them both weak. Actually, regional identities were already powerful. The foothills ranchers of Alberta saw themselves as quite distinct from the flatland farmers farther east. They wanted no chance of going on being governed from Regina, the territorial capital since 1883.

There's also a legend that sheer spite provoked Ottawa officials into preventing Haultain, their persistent critic, from becoming founding premier of either province. But Liberals looked certain to dominate in both provinces, making it appropriate that Liberal Party leaders (Alexander Rutherford in Alberta, Walter Scott in Saskatchewan) rather than the Tory-leaning Haultain, would be invited to form the first governments. Each Liberal indeed remained in power for years. Haultain eventually became the long-serving chief justice of Saskatchewan.

But it was not those issues that caused the delay in provincehood. It was education – which meant language and religion.

In February 1905, when Laurier introduced federal legislation to create the provinces, he cited a constitutional provision that a province entering confederation would thereafter maintain the educational rights that minorities had previously held there. Laurier's bill declared that the Catholic French minorities of Alberta and Saskatchewan would have the educational rights established for the territory in 1875.

This was unpopular in the West in 1905, where francophones were a small minority. Left to set their own educational policies, neither Alberta nor Saskatchewan was likely to do much for minority-language schools. Territorial premier Haultain

condemned Laurier's decision as another Ottawa attack on local self-government.

But Ottawa had always had its way with the West, and Laurier led a newly elected majority government with clear authority to legislate for the territories. What could the West do?

What the West did, in fact, was successfully flex its muscles in Ottawa. And since lack of muscle in Ottawa would be the West's great complaint for the next hundred years, it's worth looking at how it happened in 1905.

Clifford Sifton, MP for Brandon, Manitoba, Laurier's powerful Interior minister, was influential with western MPs generally and engaged in matters throughout the west (his brother Arthur became the first Chief Justice in Alberta and later its premier.) Sifton resigned from cabinet to protest the educational clause. By going to the backbenches, Sifton became not less powerful, but more. As a minister he was bound by cabinet solidarity. As a backbencher, he successfully organized the western Liberal MPs (and many of their colleagues in Ontario and the east too, it seems) to defy the prime minister.

The details were mostly cloaked in the secrecy of caucus deliberations. There's hardly a hint in *Hansard*. But Laurier gradually discovered he lacked the votes to put through his policy, because much of his Liberal caucus would not stand behind him. In June, he meekly backed down. He introduced a new education clause that entrenched much weaker guarantees set by the territorial legislature in 1901.

It may not have been wise, and it may not have been pretty, but the West got its way.

This kind of backbench eruption hardly ever happens in Canada. In 1905, the West also protested how Laurier's bill deprived the new provinces of control of their natural resources, clearly provincial powers under the British North America Act. But the MPs did not fight that as they fought on education, and the resource clause passed. (The two provinces gained full authority over resources in 1930.)

In the century since 1905, Canadian MPs have allowed themselves to become ever more tightly bound by the dictates of their leaders. Western-backed initiatives for reform – separate western parties, populism, proportional representation – have often seemed designed to prevent the kind of independent backbench initiatives that served the West's ambitions well in 1905.

In recent years, backbench MPs have rarely wielded that power of dissent in Ottawa, though in many parliamentary countries such sectional muscle flexing within national parties is the essence of political life. Comparing the recent defections on same-sex marriage with what happened to language rights in 1905, it seems the only thing that can stiffen a Canadian backbencher's spine is intolerance. Pity.

Historian and writer Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *The Beaver*.

Your Story

The Many Wars of Doug Sam

Trevor Sam reflects on his father, this country's most decorated Chinese Canadian.

In early July 1944, my grandmother learned from the Canadian government that her son Kam Len Douglas Sam, my father, had been shot down over northern France on a bombing mission and presumed dead.

He was a third-generation Chinese Canadian, born in Victoria in 1918, and a pilot officer with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Church services eulogized him and Victoria newspapers paid editorial tribute to a hometown boy from Chinatown who made the supreme sacrifice. My great-grandmother, though a devout Anglican, went to the Chinese temple in Victoria and lit incense. The joss sticks told her that her grandson was not dead.

The joss sticks were correct. Sam had parachuted safely. He landed only 180 metres from a Luftwaffe base but was able to contact the French underground.

His family would not learn he was alive for many months. The French underground and MI9, the section of British Military Intelligence charged with aiding resistance fighters in Nazi-controlled Europe, maintained the ruse that my father had died in his Halifax bomber.

He had been rejected from the RCAF in 1941 for not being Caucasian. He got in a year later when the government removed the racial clause in entry rules, and his Chinese ancestry proved to be an asset. He was to stay in France to coordinate the escapes of other Allied airmen. Resistance members provided him with clothing and forged papers to identify him as an Asian student trapped in France by the German occupation.

Through the summer and early fall of 1944 he aided the resistance in northern France, bluffing his way out of two Gestapo round-ups with the high-school French he had learned in Victoria. He witnessed the ambush of German supply convoys, the elimination of Gestapo agents and French collaborators and the systematic roundup and shipment to death camps of French Jews and Gypsies.

COURTESY TREVOR SAM

Flight-Lieutenant Doug Sam in Kuala Lumpur, 1950-1951

In September 1944, the commander of an American tank entering Rheims in advance of the U.S. Third Army was surprised to receive maps of street plans and deployment of German forces in the city from the Chinese Canadian in charge of the resistance force.

My father had flown in 28 terrifying raids over Fortress Europe in 1943 and 1944, including a mission over Nuremberg that saw 94 Allied bombers go down and one over Berlin that lost 73. A street barricade in Rheims, however, was to be his last fight of the Second World War. He later said that it

was the first battle that totally frightened him, because it was the first he had fought on the ground. Using air-dropped weapons, he and his underground forces engaged German troops in a vicious firefight, successfully fending off three ferocious attacks until U.S. troops entered the city and forced the enemy to capitulate.

Days later, my father was in London. He sent a telegram to my grandmother telling her he was alive and well. She cried happily. My great-grandmother was unsurprised; the joss sticks had told her he was safe.

The war in the air and the war on the ground of World War Two were not my father's last. While the Korean War occupied the minds of most Canadians in the early 1950s, he was seconded to the Royal Air Force to serve as a counter-insurgency specialist in the Malay States. The British were fighting a jungle war with Chinese, Malaysian and Indian communists.

My father interrogated more than 300 prisoners, making good use of his fluent Cantonese and Mandarin. He served under Sir Maurice Oldfield, the late British master spy said to have been the model for novelist John le Carré's fictional character George Smiley.

In 1967, after 25 years of continuous service, including stints in London and Washington, my father retired from the RCAF with the rank of squadron leader, the most decorated Chinese Canadian ever. Included among his honours was the *Croix de Guerre*, silver star, awarded by the French government.

Retirement from active military duty did not end his public service. Joining the Department of Employment and Immigration in 1967 as an intelligence analyst, he rose to become the department's chief of immigration intelligence for the British Columbia–Yukon region at a time when Asian youth gangs were a growing presence. Once, my father and some local detectives were in a Vancouver restaurant, observing the noisy antics of some Chinese gang members. He went over and had a quiet little chat with them. The gang members looked around at the detectives, mouths agape, then stood up and immediately left.

When my father rejoined his party, he was asked, "How did you manage to get them to do that?" Sam laughingly said, "I just told them who I was and that if they did not quiet down, I was going to hold an immigration meeting right then and there, and they would all be gone first thing in the morning."

Kam Len Douglas Sam, the eldest of nine children born to Mr. and Mrs. Sam WingWo, who immigrated to Victoria from Yin Ping in the vicinity of Canton, China, retired from his final war in 1983. He died in 1989 at age 71.

When he was a teenager at Victoria High School, someone inscribed in his yearbook, "Doug has aspirations to become the Chinese Lindbergh." I think that from the time he was old enough to see the blue sky, he wanted to grasp it; he wanted to fly. And so he did.

Trevor Sam is an associate member of the 426 Squadron Association and the 801 Vancouver Wing Air Force Association of Canada. He is also a military historian and collector.

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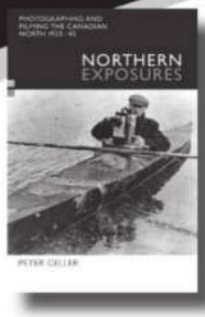

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Confederation Stroll

Old Charlottetown glories in its tranquil 19th-century streetscapes. But as Charles Mandel discovers, 20th-century vigour pops up in unexpected ways.

Charlottetown ranks as one of Canada's smallest cities in the country's tiniest province, Prince Edward Island. Nevertheless, history plays a large role in "town" (as the locals call it) which has expanded from its original 500 building lots to hold some 30,000 people. The British settlement of Charlotte Town, named for Queen Charlotte (wife of George III) dates back to 1763, but this year the city celebrates 150 years since its 1855 incorporation. Every avenue holds reminders of Charlottetown's role in the founding of Confederation.

Any walking tour of the city starts in the Great George Street Historic District. This four-block area holds no fewer than 29 historic structures, ranging from public and commercial buildings to private homes and churches. Designated a National Historic District in 1993, Great George is not only Charlottetown's central street, it marks the route the Fathers of Confederation walked to the Conference of 1864 in Province House.

Opened in 1847, the three-storey stone structure with its central portico and large columns (built by self-taught architect Isaac Smith) is the seat of provincial power. As provincial legislatures go, it's more modest than many, but Province House gives Charlottetown its name as the Birthplace of Confederation. It was there that politicians from the colonies met and discussed the terms of what would lead to the union of Canada.

CONFEDERATION CENTRE FOR THE ARTS

A modernist edifice in the midst of Charlottetown's Victoriana, the Confederation Centre of the Arts, opened in 1964, consists of a 1,070-seat theatre, an art gallery, a museum, a lecture hall, libraries and a restaurant.

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CAPITAL COMMISSION OF PEI

With its mansard roof, gingerbread trim and crowning belvedere, Beaconsfield, a historic home open to the public, is one of the finest residential buildings in PEI.

Across the street squats a more modern building, the Confederation Centre of the Arts. Built in 1964, the centre is the first Canadian building jointly paid for by all provinces as a memorial to the Fathers of Confederation. The centre is only the second Canadian building to receive the designation of a modern-era historic site from the federal government.

Constructed in a concrete, architectural slab style known as Brutalism, the building drew Islanders' ire when it first went up. They called it the potato warehouse and the tomb. Today, as home to the annual Charlottetown Festival of musical theatre (including *Anne of Green Gables*, Canada's longest running musical at 41 years) it is the island's cultural centre.

Continuing west, it might be time for a rest and a pint at the Elm Avenue Social Club on University Avenue. Wayne McCarron, a former bootlegger who until recently ran an illegal pub called Wayne's World, got himself a proper liquor licence this year after local politicians cracked down on bootleggers, threatening large fines and jail for those operating the underground bars.

Although the historical connection of such a humble place isn't readily apparent, bootleggers are a tradition on PEI. The home-based bars sprang into being as a result of the tiny province's extended prohibition period from 1900 until 1948. Typically, the bootleggers bought their tipples from local liquor stores and provided them to their clientele at lower prices than drinks at licensed bars. The Elm Avenue Social Club is a direct descendant of that tradition.

Once refreshed, take a 10-minute walk through the stately treed residential streets of old Charlottetown, past the brightly coloured houses, to Victoria Park. Here, on the edge of the waterfront park, sits one of the city's grandest homes. Prominent shipbuilder James Peake Jr. commissioned Beaconsfield in 1877.

In September 1864, representatives of Britain's North American colonies met first at Province House (above) to discuss the notion of union, thus giving Charlottetown the distinction of being the birthplace of Confederation.

William Critchlow Harris, PEI's most prominent architect, who designed many of the island's public and residential buildings, conceived the Italianate and mansard-roofed mansion. The home contains 25 rooms and 8 fireplaces and was estimated to have cost as much as $50,000 to build. Today it is home to the Island's historical society. Just beyond its grounds spreads Victoria Park, its boardwalk promenade offering a fine view of Charlottetown and the ocean beyond.

Charles Mandel is a journalist in North River, Prince Edward Island.

If you go ...

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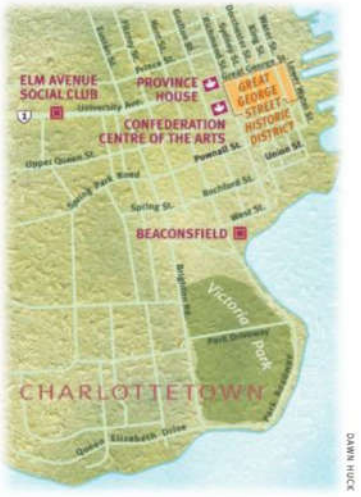

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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes **The Beaver**, the **Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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Award Winner: Q & A

Canada's National History Society is pleased to announce Will Ferguson as the winner of the 2005 Pierre Berton Award for popularizing Canadian history. Now in its 11th year, the Berton Award has become the biggest history prize in Canada. This year's award events will be held for the first time in Alberta and we hope to have strong participation from our local readership. (See announcements on page 60.)

Will Ferguson, a Calgary resident, is best known for his humorous approach to Canadian history and identity. The second edition of his best seller *Canadian History For Dummies*, as well as *Bastards and Boneheads: Canada's Glorious Leaders Past and Present*, is recommended as a fun and deceptively thorough survey of Canada's leading events and political figures. Associate editor Doug Whiteway interviewed Will Ferguson earlier this summer.

Q: Your approach to Canadian history has been described as "ironic" and "iconoclastic." Is this a quirk of your own personality, or was there some defining moment that led you to take this approach? Or did you see a need or an audience for a different approach?
A: I grew up in the '70s and '80s, as part of a generation who were taught the minutiae of "social history." There was no wider context to put it in, no framework, no sense of a larger, grander picture. It was plodding and confusing and mind-numbingly dull. It was after I left school that I became interested in history as it is meant to be taught – as a story, as conflict and character, as cause and effect. My approach comes from my own "re-discovery" of Canadian history.

Q: What are Canadians' favourite or more common delusions about their history?
A: That Canadians are always the good guys. It comes from living next door to the U.S. of A. It's sort of like sharing a duplex with Def Leppard. Your own music doesn't seem as noisy.

Q: On the other hand, is there some little-regarded person or incident about which Canadians should know more, and perhaps be proud of?
A: Canadian diplomat John Humphrey from Hampton, New Brunswick, was the key architect of the 1948 United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which sets both the goals and the standards of human rights for our age. It has had an immense and far-reaching impact around the world, and Humphrey deserves to be celebrated more.

Q: Is Canadian history boring?
A: It isn't the subject that's boring; it's how it's presented. Well, okay, the Halibut Treaty of 1923 – that was boring.

Q: Your titles are provocative – *Why I Hate Canadians, Bastards and Boneheads.* Did you encounter resistance in the beginning from agents and publishers? What about the public? Any tongue-lashings in the street? Vicious emails?
A: There was some reluctance, though no real resistance, over the title of my first book, *Why I Hate Canadians.* But it was so obviously a joke (except to the most literal-minded of people) that we went with it. As far as a backlash, I was once denounced on a separatist website as a "federal propagandist," which made me very proud. But a good deal of the anger directed at me has come from old-school monarchists. Oddly enough, both separatists and monarchists have incredibly thin skins when it comes to people poking fun at them. I imagine it comes from having to defend what is an essentially irrational position.

Q: Who is the biggest bonehead in Canadian history? Who is the biggest bastard? And, of course, why?
A: Ten years ago, I would have said Brian Mulroney on both counts. But the rot and corruption of the current Liberal regime far surpasses anything that ever occurred under Mulroney, so who knows? We may be entering a golden age of boneheadedness. Should be fun.

Q: Are you the voice of a generation, and what the heck generation are you anyway?
A: No. I'm not the voice of any generation. I am now 40, which makes me a classic Gen Xer: someone who grew up in the shadow of the Baby Boomers. (I went to high school in the 1980s, and I don't have any memories of the 1960s at all, which is the real litmus test. And I was only two-and-a-half when Expo 67 was on, another litmus test.)

Q: Who aren't your readers? Who most approves of your approach? Who most disapproves.
A: Well, separatists and old-school monarchists obviously. On the plus side, I get a lot of positive feedback from teachers, especially junior high and high school social studies teachers, so I think I'm having some impact on how our history is being presented in schools.

Q: Which Canadian historical figure would you most like to meet in a bar? Have dinner with? Sleep with?
A: Agnes Macphail. I've had a crush on

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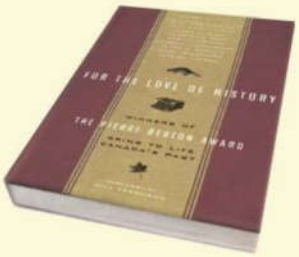

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her ever since I came across her biography. She was funny, sharp, and a looker too.

Q: What's the first Pierre Berton book you read?
A: His children's book, *The Secret World of Og.*

Q: Any thoughts on winning the Pierre Berton Award?
A: I was honoured – incredibly honoured – to receive an award in Pierre's name. He understood that history is a narrative form, one that can be engaging and vivid. Pierre Berton showed me a Canada that was worthy of passion.

Q: Which writers or interpreters of Canadian history do you most admire?
A: There are so many, I'll just note a few recent ones. I quite admire Mark Zuehlke's military histories and Charlotte Gray's wonderful approach to history in *The Museum Called Canada*. I have also greatly enjoyed Ken McGoogan's biographies of Arctic explorers, even though I feel that Ken is really pushing the boundaries of what is acceptable and what isn't when it comes to inventing dialogue or "reimagining" past events. It's very good writing, though, and that's really the bottom line, isn't it?

Q: How confident are you that your children will get a better history education?
A: Part of the problem, of course, is that in Canada education is a provincial responsibility. There is no national curriculum and as a result, Canadian history is taught – if at all – in a very regionalized fashion. My own kids are very lucky in having great teachers, and they also get a lot of history outside of school. Our family trips, for example, often incorporate Canadian history. When we went to the Yukon we followed the path of the Klondike gold rush, starting in Skagway, and then visiting the now-tamed Whitehorse rapids before heading to Bonanza Creek in Dawson. We had a wonderful time. Better than Disney World, any day.

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Album

Bruce Williams, who submitted this photograph to *The Beaver*, is the grandson of Walter Bapty. He lives in Willowdale, Ont., and recalls his grandfather as a formidable presence.

Bandolier

Walter Bapty (left, with bandolier) grew up in London, Ontario, reading boys' adventure stories by such 19th-century stalwarts as RM Ballantyne and Captain Marryat. Emulating the fictional heroes of the novels, he ran away from home in January 1900 to join the second Canadian contingent forming to fight in the Boer War. He was 15. His mother, according to family lore, tried to discourage him, but to no avail. Serving initially with the Royal Canadian Artillery under John McCrae, who later wrote *In Flanders Fields*, he finished his tour with the Canadian Scouts, raised and led by the fearless Major Arthur "Gat" (for Gatling gun) Howard. Unlike Howard, who was killed in action in 1901, Bapty made it home to Canada. He trained as a physician, but never lost his taste for the military. In World War I, he served as medical officer with the 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles and the 102nd Northern B.C. Regiment and was gassed at Vimy Ridge. In World War II he commanded the 2nd Battalion, Canadian Scottish Regiment. He died in Victoria in 1973.

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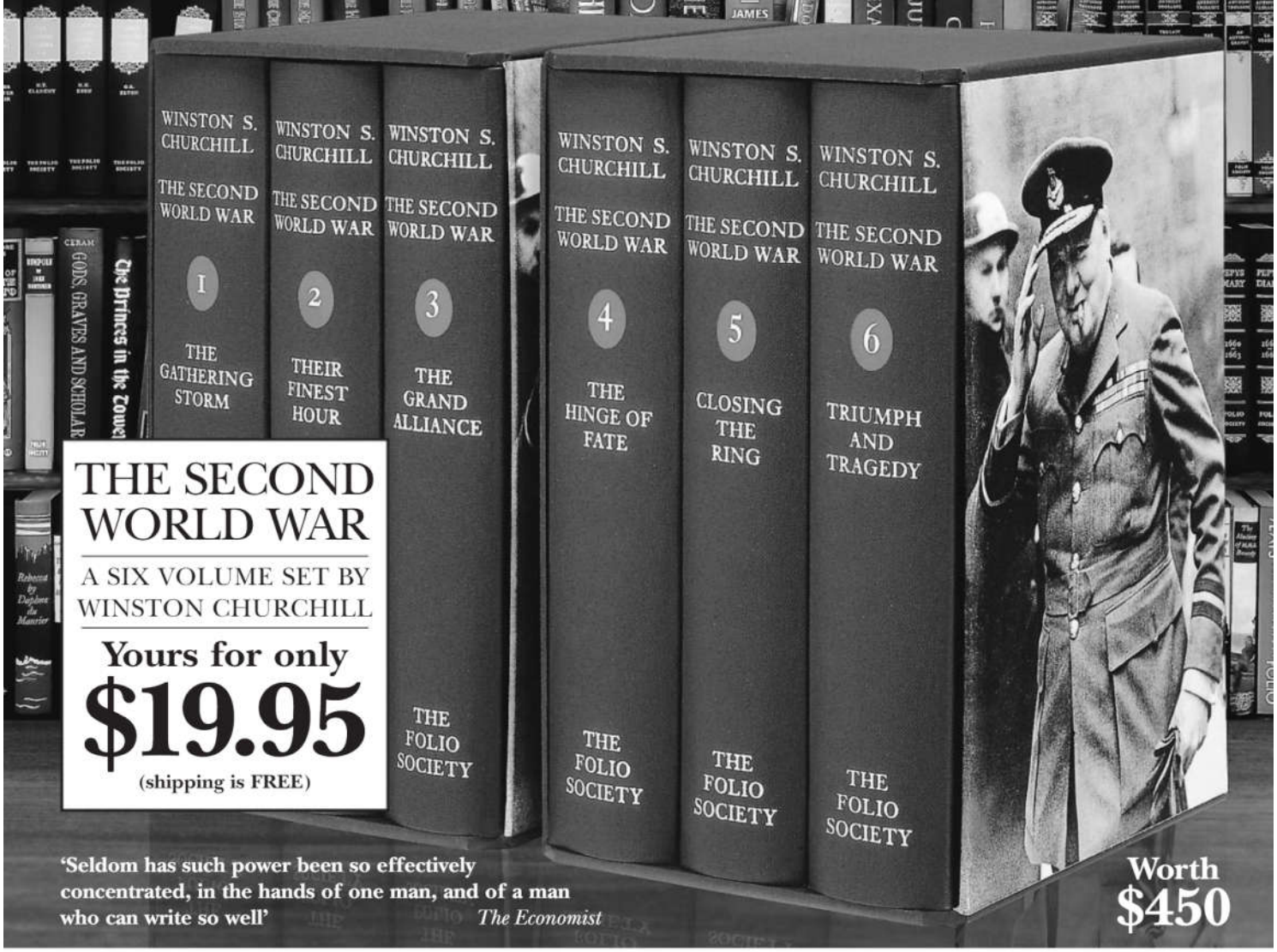

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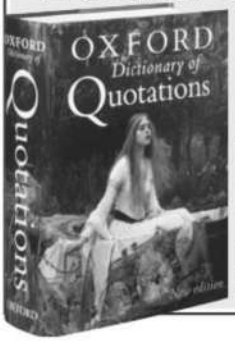

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